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The American Girl

Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts APRIL, 1934



"Winging With the Bluebirds," *A circus article by* ESTELLA KARN



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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THE AMERICAN GIRL
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$.35 extra a year for postage, \$.70 for two years; foreign, \$.75 extra a year for postage, \$1.00 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Pacific Coast, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif. New England States: Dorr & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

Published monthly by the Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1934, Girl Scouts, Inc. Entered at second-class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

VOLUME XVII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 4

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IN ART SERIES
NUMBER FIVE

MISS ALEXANDER
painted by
James McNeill Whistler

*Courtesy of
The Metropolitan Museum,
New York City*



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

APRIL • 1934

“Winging With the Bluebirds”

*A former press agent of the circus writes of the
glamour and thrills of life under the Big Top*

By
ESTELLA KARN

*Illustrated with etchings
by Clara Mairs*

AT THE close of the eventful day on which I “joined out” with the circus, the boss hostler, a gnarled old man who hardly ever spoke except to give an order to the razorbacks, told me in a voice squeaky from disuse, that I took to the “big top” quicker than any “townner” he ever saw. My heart beat quicker at the grudgingly given praise, for even then I realized I was being paid a real compliment.

As the boss hostler had to explain on that momentous occasion to the green girl I was then, a townner is anybody who has not at one time belonged to a circus. Though I lead the staid life of a townner now, I am not really one any more because when I joined out, I enrolled with the big top folks for life, and will never be anything else in their eyes, no matter what may happen to me.

Incredible as it may seem, although I was more than eighteen years old at the time, I had never been to the circus, had never seen a performance until that February day on which, as a just-hired press agent, I was shown over the lot by the boss hostler. The aunt who brought me up didn't believe in such things as circuses, and so I had never dreamed what a lure sawdust could have. I sought the job because I wanted to travel. I had always wanted to go places, being eternally curious about the world and the people in it.

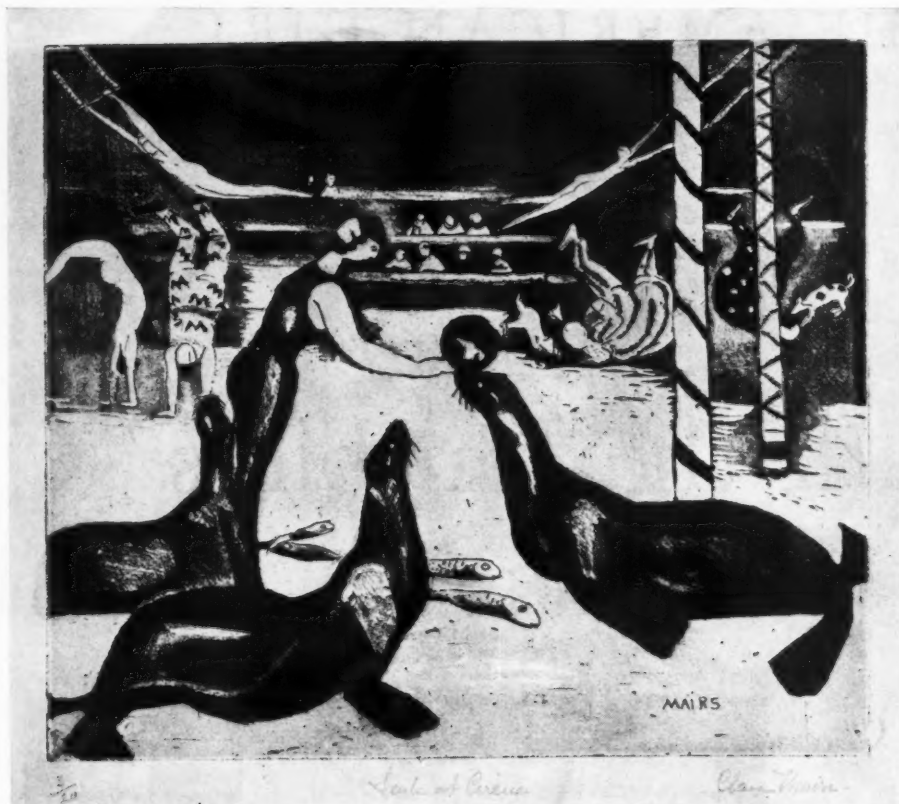


Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

At first, the circus was to me an accident that fitted in with my plans. My introduction to it was curiously casual. I was working as press agent for an amusement park, when I met a former general manager of a circus, and heard him speak of “winging with the bluebirds.” The phrase, he told me, was used by circus people to denote their spring opening. It appealed somehow to my imagination.

A day or two later I hunted up that man in Venice, California, and asked him to get me a circus job. He laughed and took me straight to the owner of a big circus.

“Here,” he introduced me, still laughing, “I’ve brought



Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

SEALS ARE INTELLIGENT AND WILL OFTEN DO THEIR TRICKS FOR FUN—SUCH AS APPLAUDING WHEN ONE OF THEM MAKES AN EXTRA GOOD CATCH

high on the tigers' cage dressed in red satin breeches and feeling like the queen of Sheba. Underneath me, the tigers snarled and clawed at one another. Every snarl sent a shiver down my spine, but I wasn't afraid. I was too excited.

Besides, as we rode past the eager crowds, I fancied I could see envious faces lifted to mine. Looking down from my lofty perch, I imagined that the men and women below were thinking how thrilling it would be to ride on

you a new press agent, Guv'nor. Have you a place for her?"

The guv'nor whom I saw then for the first time, was standing at the entrance to the big tent. He was over six feet tall and had snow-white hair and blue eyes like gimlets. A huge watch chain with a lion's claw swung across his front and danced madly as he peered down from his great height and guffawed at me. We must have looked funny standing there, for I was five feet, one inch tall, round and butterballish.

The minute I heard the guv'nor laugh, I somehow knew I had the job. We argued about pay. He chuckled all the time. I stuck to my point and won it.

"Well," said he finally, eyes still twinkling, "here's your mileage book. You make Bakersfield tomorrow."

That was all the instruction he ever gave me—you're on your own in the circus. He just turned me over to the boss hostler, whom he commanded to show me around the lot. The idea was that, since I was going to write about the circus, I'd better see it first. The boss hostler looked disgusted.

WHAT would you like to see?" he growled.

"I want to see the lions," I told him, disregarding his grouch.

We headed toward the lions, and on the way, the boss hostler tried hard to turn me over to the lion tamer, the strong man and the snake charmer, but nobody would have me.

"The boss told you to show that towner around, and you got to do it," I heard the snake charmer say tauntingly.

Finally in desperation, the boss hostler wanted to know if I would like to make parade. It was necessary for him to explain that "make parade" meant ride in a wagon down Main Street with the animals and performers. The idea thrilled me. And so I did make parade that afternoon, seated

top of a tiger cage, all dressed up in gilt and satin. I felt superior, way above the crowd. These people down there were standing in the rain to watch the parade—to see me. Later they would pay to come into the circus—my circus!

AFTER the parade, I lunched in the cook house, then went for a walk around the hippodrome track with the trained seals who reminded me of fat old ladies. As they flopped along, I threw pink fish and they pushed each other to get it. Sometimes, when one made an especially good catch, the others all applauded as they had been taught to do in the arena.

Later that day I met Mabel, a tiny blond woman, who wrestled with a tiger at every performance. Many of the bones in her arms had been snapped by her gentle little pets, and slabs of silver put in instead. She had a fresh scratch that day across her shoulder. She was very debonair about it, though.

"Scared? Why, no, kid, I am not exactly scared," she said. "Only you certainly have to watch your step with those cats. If you don't, you won't be in this old world long."

Every day in a circus is eventful and my first was no exception. There was a new camel born that morning, I remember, and the keepers had a hard time with its mother who wanted to smother it. It seems that animals in captivity often have that desire. Indeed a tiger mother I knew later succeeded in suffocating her whole litter.

That night I traveled with the circus to the next stop—Bakersfield—and had my first experience with a circus sleeping car. The strong woman snored across the aisle, and the fat lady wheezed asthmatically a few berths away. It was a long time before I could sleep. I went over the whole day in my mind, from the triumphant moment when the first applause greeted my wagon in the parade, to the less flattering meeting with Archie, the ape, who had tried to pull out all

my hair and had nearly succeeded in that nefarious purpose.

Then I remembered something that drove sleep further away than ever. Tomorrow I had to "make Bakersfield!" And what that meant I had only the vaguest idea.

But when you join out with a circus, you get the habit of doing what you're told. So I got up at four o'clock next morning, and twenty-four hours later had front page on both the Bakersfield papers, with a story about the home guard studying the circus to learn quick mobilization for movement of troops—it was wartime, you see. By accident, right at the start, I thus hit upon the recipe for successful press work. That is, tie your enterprise up with a local situation. Then the editors will print what you have to say, and ask for more.

THAT evening, the gov'nor who had checked the Bakersfield papers, telegraphed me at Fresno, "I guess you'll do."

No words ever were sweeter. They meant I would stay hired, and could go on making towns two weeks ahead of the circus. I made about three hundred that year, long jumps and short jumps, out at daylight sometimes after no more than two hours' sleep, sleeping on all kinds of beds, and eating strange food, or going without food or sleep.

For two hundred and sixty-seven days, I never saw a trunk. My two big grips were mostly filled with cuts and other press material, so there was little room for frills. I wore jersey suits and the kind of crêpe waists that you can wash out yourself. The manufacturer of those suits certainly could have gotten valuable advertising out of a testimonial from me about their wearing qualities. Sometimes I wished they were not so durable. Occasionally I got so hungry for pretty clothes that I would go to the town department store, wherever I happened to be, and buy something lacy and foolish. However, my common sense would always convince me that it wasn't practical for my way of living, and I would give it to the chambermaid in the next town.

I got to be expert at doing anything in the world on a

newspaper, for the staffs were all short-handed on account of the war. I rustled ads, set type, folded papers and wrote filler—whatever happened to be most needed to help out rushed editors. In return, I always got good space and generally was used for copy myself as a curiosity—the girl press agent of a circus.

Everybody asks if I wasn't lonesome. Of course I was—ahead of the show most of the time, and meeting only strangers every day. I used fairly to ache to have somebody call me by my first name. But I was interested in my work, and there was so much of it to do that I had little time to mope. Besides I always carried Cora and Ben with me, and used duly to register them at hotels, to the puzzlement of clerks. Cora was my portable typewriter, and Ben was my alarm clock!

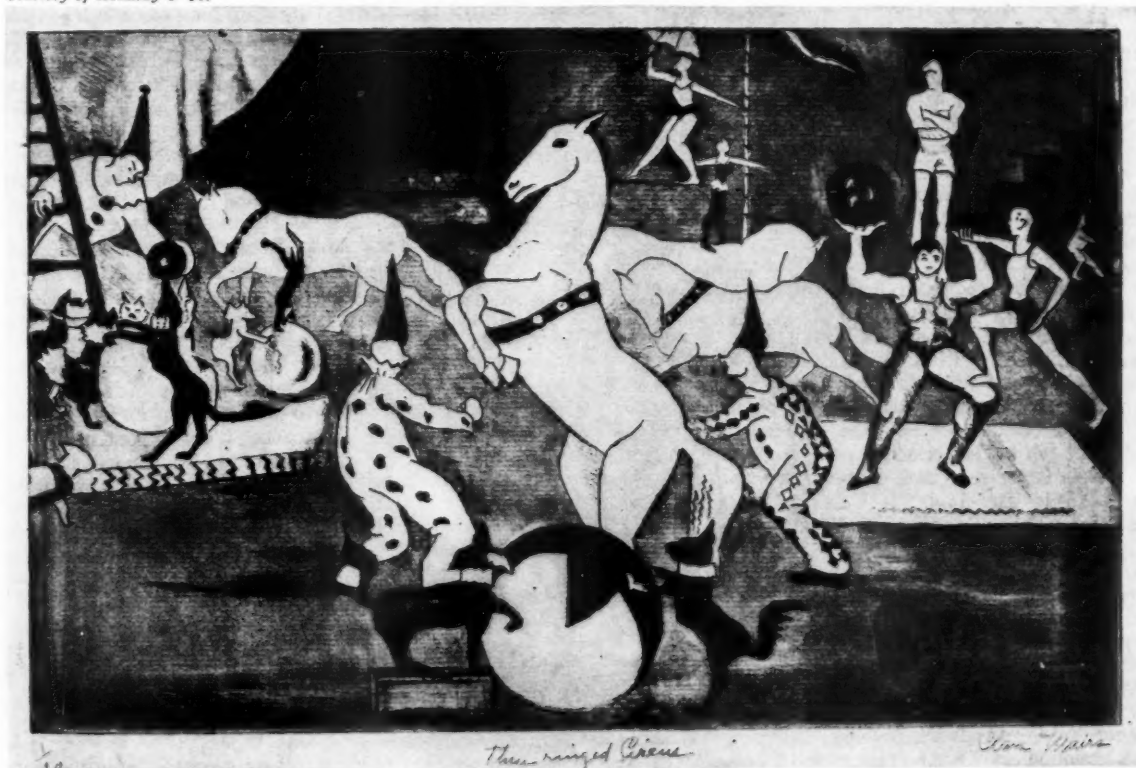
Due to Ben, I only missed one train in my whole circus experience. That was at Navasota, Texas, and I was in a lunch room engaged in eating an unusually good meal at the time.

I OFTEN rode in cabooses, and made friends with everybody from brakemen to senators during my trips. One of my best friends in those days was Duke John, twenty-seven inches tall, a midget with the show. Once in Maquoketa, Iowa, I took Duke John with me to the newspaper office at his request, he stalking at my side and hanging onto my finger. He had whispered mysteriously that he knew a fine press story, but would not tell me until we got to the paper. When we reached the editor's desk, the Duke took an extra grip on my hand, drew himself up to his full twenty-seven inches, and indicating me, said as impressively as his tiny voice permitted, "Mr. Editor, meet the wife."

He was terribly disappointed that nothing got into the paper about our "wedding."

The Duke was a great study in psychology. He had a fiendish temper and when he got mad would bite the legs of his enemies, the only part of their (Continued on page 48)

Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.



Three Ringed Circus

Ken. Miller

The Detective Club

Betty Bliss has an idea which is destined to make history in Westcote, the town where she and her best friends live

NOW, I am going to tell this exactly as it happened and then you can decide

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

where we are—on Tenth Street."

So that was what we decided to call our detective club, and we

whether you think Betty Bliss was a clever detective or not.

It began in Betty's living room right here in Westcote, and there were five of us in it. I was there—my name is Madge—and of course Betty was there, and so was Dorothy Carter. The two boys were Dick Prince who lives next door to Betty, and Arthur Dane who lives next beyond Dick. We all live in the same neighborhood and in Tenth Street, so we had formed the Tenth Street Reading Circle, and we were reading detective mystery stories together. One of us read a chapter, and then another read a chapter, and so on.

So this evening we were reading the last of *The Mystery of the Golden Puffin*, which is a pretty good story, and Betty Bliss said, "I'd love to be a detective. All my life I've wanted to be a detective."

This was so. I remembered when Betty coaxed me to go with her to see Mr. Cassidy, the Chief of Detectives in Westcote, and he told us a lot of things about detecting, and Betty said then she wished she could be a detective.

"Yes," I said, "and I remember when Mr. Cassidy put the handcuffs on us. I was glad when he took them off again."

"But he did say girls could be detectives—when they grew up," Betty said. "There are lots of women detectives."

"Women, maybe," said Dick Prince scornfully. "But a lot of good, girl detectives would be!"

"How do you know?" Betty Bliss demanded. "Just because there never have been any girl detectives, you say that. I'll tell you what would be fun," she went on in the enthusiastic way she sometimes does. "A Detective Club. To do real detecting. Just the five of us."

"Not for me," said Dick Prince who thinks he is smart. "I don't go into any detective club with girls. If it came to real detecting, you girls would make a mess of it."

"All right, then," said Betty Bliss, tossing her head, "you boys needn't come in! We girls will be the Detective Club. We'll make it a sort of Scotland Yard, Madge, like the one in London. I'll be Superintendent, and you and Dot can be Inspectors."

"We'd better not call it Scotland Yard," Dot said. "If we solve a lot of cases and get to be famous all over the world, we wouldn't want anybody to think we were the London Scotland Yard, and give that Scotland Yard the credit, would we?"

"Listen to them!" jeered Dick Prince. "Famous! Wow!"

"We can call ourselves Tenth Street Yard," said Betty, paying no attention to Dick. "That's

made Betty Bliss the Superintendent and Dot and me Inspectors, while the boys joked about it. But Betty was in earnest.

"You wait," she said. "One of these days there'll be a crime in Westcote, and Tenth Street Yard will do some detecting, and maybe you'll be surprised."

We did not know how soon a crime was to be reported in our very own neighborhood, or that in a few hours we would be busy studying clues—if any—and working on our first case under the direction of Superintendent Betty Bliss. Although Betty did most of the detecting, I am bound to say.

The crime was discovered the next morning. Betty had asked Dot and me to go over to her house and play croquet. We got there as she was finishing breakfast and we went out of the house together, but the minute Betty saw the lawn she stopped short.

"Oh, piffle!" she exclaimed with vexation. "No croquet this morning, girls."

The wickets were all pulled up and laid together on a lawn chair because Silas, the man-of-all-work for the block, was just getting ready to cut the grass. He was oiling his mower, but he looked up and saw us.

"I reckon I busted up your croquet game for this mornin', Miss Betty," he said in his queer whining voice, as he wiped his chocolate-brown face with the back of his hand. "I hates like pizen to spoil folks' fun, but a hard-workin' man's got to work when he's due to work. Anyhow 'twon't be but an hour or so before I gets this lawn trimmed up all nice an' salubrious—an' den you-all kin have dat croquet game."

"Oh, well, we'll do something else now," Betty said. "Let's go over and play at Dick's—shall we?"

So we went around through the gates into Dick Prince's yard, and before we reached the back porch where the mallets were kept, we saw Dick and Arthur.

"Betty," Dick said, "we were just going to get you. If you want to be a detective, here's your chance. Woof is gone. Someone stole him. He's gone as clean as a whistle—not a hide nor hair of him left."

Arthur Dane pointed to the dog house, the big kennel to which Woof was always chained.

"He's gone all right," he said. "We came out to feed him and he was gone. Stolen. And more than one man was needed to steal him—I say it would take three or four men to get away with Woof."

Betty was already on her way



Illustrations
by
Leslie
Turner

THE OFFICER DREW A NOTEBOOK FROM HIS POCKET, PUSHED HIS CAP TO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, AND BEGAN ASKING QUESTIONS, JOTTING DOWN THE ANSWERS IN THE NOTEBOOK



to the dog house, and Dot and I were close behind her. Betty stopped before she reached the kennel and looked at Dick.

"What have you done about it?" she asked. "You weren't coming for me first, were you? Didn't you tell the police?"

"Yes," Dick said. "I did that the very first thing. I went in and asked them to send up a cop and one is on the way now. He'll be here any minute. But you talk so much about wanting to be a detective that I thought I'd give you a chance."

One glance at the big dog house standing at the side of the Prince garage was enough to show Betty that the splendid Belgian police dog was gone. When he was in the kennel, he always came out to greet Betty and Dot and me because he liked us. He would jump to meet us, pulling at the chain that fastened him and barking his joy, but now there was only the empty kennel. A tin plate with a dog biscuit and a ration of dog food was on the smooth sandy ground, the biscuit and the food untouched, showing that Woof had been gone when Dick and Arthur put the plate there.

BEFORE Betty could make any closer inspection, the policeman came and Dick's mother came from the house. She spoke to the policeman, and he touched his cap and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Prince." He was the cheery red-faced officer who patrolled our part of town and we all knew him to speak to. He drew his notebook from his pocket, and pushed his cap to the back of his head, and began asking questions, jotting down the answers in the notebook.

"Name of owner?" asked Officer Murphy. "What breed of dog? What color? Any special marks on him? What is the value of the dog?"

He asked a couple of dozen such questions, and Dick an-

swered them. He said that Woof had cost fifty dollars as a pup, and that he was now full grown and worth over a hundred dollars.

"And that's important," said Officer Murphy. "The police have no time to chase mutts, but a hundred-dollar dog is a serious matter. A dog worth under fifty dollars would be petty larceny, but one hundred dollars makes it grand larceny, and I shouldn't wonder if the whole detective force would be after the thief."

I HOPE you find him. He's a good dog," said Dick Prince.

"We'll do our best," said Officer Murphy, putting his notebook in his pocket, "but these dog stealers is mighty slick. You see how it is—they come in an automobile and pop the dog into it by night, and by mornin' they can be a couple of hundred miles away—and who knows where to look for the dog?"

"Isn't there anything else we can do?" Dick asked, and Officer Murphy turned to Mrs. Prince.

"You might advertise, ma'am," he said. "Like 'Fifty dollars reward will be paid for the return of a Belgian police dog,' and so on. Dog thieves steal dogs for the money they can get, and they don't care whose. Often if 'No questions asked' is put into the advertisement, it hastens the return of the animal. That's often the best way to get a dog back."

"But, Mr. Murphy," asked Betty, "don't the detectives look for clues and follow them and find dogs?"



THE TENTH STREET YARD DETECTIVES CLIMBED UP TO LOOK INTO THE WINDOW

"Well, young lady," said Officer Murphy as he prepared to go, "I daresay the detective force does the best it can, but what sort of a clue would there be when a dog is picked up and hustled away? Not any, I'm thinkin'. We do the best we can. So good day to you."

With that Officer Murphy went away and Mrs. Prince went into the house to telephone an advertisement to the paper, as I supposed, and Betty Bliss turned to Dick and Arthur.

"If you boys want to join the detective club," she said, "now is your chance. We're not going to play detective, we're really going to detect. We're going to find Woof, and we're going to find who stole him. Do you want to join Tenth Street Yard, or don't you?"

"Yes?" Dick spoke just as scornfully as the night before. "How are you going to do anything? There's nothing to do anything with. Murphy said so. There's no clue to start with—no footprints, or fingerprints, or anything. Art and I will keep out of it."

Well, there did not seem to be anything to begin with. The empty dog house couldn't talk, and the dog—where was he? But Inspector Betty Bliss of Tenth Street Yard had already turned her back on Dick and Arthur, and she was examining the empty kennel.

"Look here, Inspector," she said to Dot. "I want you to look at this chain. It has been cut."

Dot and I and the two boys went to look at the short piece of chain still hanging from the staple in the dog house.

"Yes, we saw that," Dick said. "We saw that, as soon as we saw that Woof was gone. That don't help us; they had to cut the chain to get Woof loose. That staple wouldn't come out."

"It may not mean anything," Betty said, "but maybe it might. How would you say the chain was cut, Art?"

Arthur bent down and looked at the severed link.

"You can see it was not filed," said Betty. "If it had been filed, we could see the scratches a file always makes. I did not think it would be filed—a file makes a noise, and the noise might have awakened someone in the house. The thief would not want to make a noise."

"You're right," Arthur said. "It was not filed, Betty."

"And it was not broken," said Betty. "You can see that none of the links are worn—it is a new chain and strong."

"It was cut, Betty," I said. "Anyone can see that."

"And cut with nippers, or pincers, or whatever people use to cut chains with," Betty said. "Don't you think so, Dick?"

"That's right," Dick admitted.

"So if we could discover who had the nippers, we would know who cut the chain and stole Woof."

"Sure!" said Dick. "And there are only about five million pairs of nippers in the United States. Ten million, I'll bet you."

"Well, anyway," said Betty, rising, "that cuts down the possible suspects about one half, because only a man or a boy would use nippers and cut a chain. A girl or a woman wouldn't."

"A girl or a woman wouldn't steal a dog—not a big dog like Woof," said Dot. "If a woman stole a dog, it would be a small dog."

"Right you are, Inspector," said Betty. "We must look for a man or a boy. Now, why was the chain cut?"

"Why, to steal the dog, you poor simpleton," laughed Dick. "Why else would he cut the chain?"

Betty looked at Dick in such a funny way that he colored.

"I may be a simpleton," Betty said, "but I seem to remember that there was a snap-hook on the other end of the chain—a hook that snapped into the ring on Woof's collar. All anyone had to do was to unsnap the hook. Now, please tell me why the thief cut the chain close to the kennel when all he had to do was unsnap the hook from the collar? You can tell me that, Inspector Madge."

"Can I?" I said, but I couldn't.

"The thief wanted the chain," suggested Betty. "You know Woof, Inspector. You couldn't keep Woof tied with a rope—he chews right through a rope. This thief knew you couldn't tie a big dog with a rope and expect to keep him. So he needed the chain. And doesn't that mean that the thief was not a professional dog stealer such as Officer Murphy was talking about?"

"Why does it?" Arthur asked. (Continued on page 46)



By
BEATRICE
PIERCE

The Young Hostess Entertains

Another of our etiquette series: It's More Fun When You Know the Rules

IN THIS delightful matter of being a hostess, I think it is of utmost importance to have the right point of view about entertaining. From the start I hope that all of you will think of entertaining as the *sharing of what you have with your friends*. Never as a chance to display what you would like people to think you have. This means that you won't attempt to give parties that you cannot afford, or parties that are too pretentious for your home and manner of living. There is no make-believe in true hospitality.

It means, too, that you won't borrow china, linen, silver and "whatnots" from your neighbors and relatives. I know that there are people who, when they set out to entertain, think nothing of borrowing whatever they believe they ought to have to make an impressive showing before their guests. Think of the responsibility, though, of having all those borrowed articles to look after! In the end, don't you believe that the hostess who uses what she has, and gets along as best she may, has a more successful party than the borrower who must forever be worrying and watching lest someone break one of Aunt Alice's goblets, or make a scratch on Mrs. Fowler's silver tray? Furthermore, when it comes to doing things correctly, and that is what we have been considering in this series of articles, it is always good taste to use one's own things, no matter how shabby they may be, instead of trying to appear to have things one does not possess.



The next point for all young hostesses is this: don't get yourself all worn out and cross, in your attempt to see that everything is perfect when your guests arrive. It is natural to want to have a clean house, and something particularly good to eat when you have company coming. A certain amount of preparation is fun, too, but—entertaining should never become a burden. Whenever it does, it loses all its purpose—which is to give pleasure to your friends, and incidentally to yourself. For unless *you* have a good time at your own parties, it is unlikely that anyone else will, either.

One good way, then, of making sure that your parties will go off well is to plan entertainment and refreshments that are so easy and simple to prepare that you cannot possibly get tired and worried over your preparations.

The same advice might be offered to your mother—to her perhaps more than to you. Ask her please not to turn the house upside down in an orgy of house cleaning, simply because some friends are coming to spend an afternoon or evening at your home. The chances are that the house will need cleaning *after* the party more than it does before, anyway. And ask Mother not to bother with a lot of fussy dishes. Remind her that simple food is always the most popular; and that there is never any necessity for having elaborate refreshments. There is no need, either, to have the house immaculately clean. In

fact, I think most mothers should be encouraged not to be overparticular about the house. Instead they may be much more helpful to their children if they spare themselves a little here and there, and thus keep fresh and rested, ready to join in the fun of the party.

The reason all this about Mother is specially important is that, when you entertain at home, she is really the official hostess. You are her deputy. She is expected to be on hand to welcome your friends. Later she may slip back to the kitchen to see to those last minute touches which no one else can do quite as well as she. Whatever you do, though, don't let your mother play the rôle of cook or waitress. Plan your menu in such a way that most of the cooking will be done before the party begins; and if you have no maid (and even if you do) the very nicest and most up-to-the-minute thing is to serve your refreshments in the buffet fashion.

BUFFET service simply means that all the food, dishes, silver, napkins—everything, in fact, that you will need for the service of your meal—are arranged on a table from which everyone is asked to help himself. If the refreshments are served late in the evening, your table might contain a stack of plates, a pile of neatly folded napkins, a plate or two of sandwiches, a plate of cookies or cakes, and possibly at the end of the table, a tray on which are a pot of hot chocolate, cups and teaspoons. If the party should happen to be a supper or luncheon, there would be more food on the table, a hot dish perhaps, sliced meats on a big platter, a bowl of potato chips, a bowl of salad, possibly a pie or cake, and so on. Whatever the menu, though, everything is set out conveniently, so that the guests may make their own choices and may serve themselves to what they wish.

A centerpiece of flowers or a bowl of fruit adds attractiveness to the table. If the party is in the evening, it is pleasant and festive-looking to have candles, especially candles in tall candlesticks that lift the light up above the other things on the table. Never use candles in the daytime, though.

The chief advantage of the buffet service is that it helps ever so much to break the ice. You see, each guest has something to do—a chance to help himself to the particular kind of food he prefers, a chance to sit where and with whom he chooses. He can feel perfectly free to roam around between trips to the table, stopping to talk with friends here and there, and to sit with one group for a while, and then with another.

If there aren't chairs enough, no one minds at the buffet meal. Some of the guests will decide to sit on the floor, and others on the stairway. Others may wander out on the porch,

if the weather is pleasant. It's all very informal and delightful. Little tables, on which to place one's plate or tumbler, are an added convenience to have around. If you think your guests won't enjoy eating from their laps in this kind of picnic way, set up a few card tables laid with cloths and provided with the necessary silver for eating whatever your menu includes. But don't have any special arrangements as to where people are to sit. Let them make up their own tables.

If entertaining seems difficult to you, and you are a little troubled about getting people mixed up and in the mood

to play games, why not try a party that *begins* with a buffet supper and is *followed* by an evening of games? I think you will find that that little feeling of stiffness which is sometimes so hard to overcome will be entirely broken down before supper is finished. Eating a meal together, especially an informal meal of this kind, helps immensely to make things move along smoothly.

A still simpler plan—and one that is very modern indeed—is to invite a group of people to come to your home for a meal immediately preceding a game, or track meet, or some event that you and they are planning to attend. For instance, if your school is having an all-day field day this spring, you might ask half a dozen or more of your schoolmates to come to your home for a buffet breakfast, after which you will all troop off together to the athletic field. Or you might have a buffet luncheon before some important baseball game that you and your friends are planning to see.

Several of you have asked me how to set the table for a buffet meal. Really it is the easiest thing in the world. First spread a cloth; a white one will do, but if you have a gayly colored one, so much the better. Then figure out in your own mind just what

articles will be needed to serve and eat the food that is to make up your menu. If you are to have a hot dish (let's say a casserole of baked macaroni and tomatoes), the guest coming to the table will need a serving spoon, with which to help himself to some of the macaroni, a plate and a fork to take away with him. So let's put a stack of warm plates and a row of forks conveniently near the macaroni. Within easy reach there should also be a pile of neatly folded napkins. If you have a salad, it is best to provide both a serving fork and a serving spoon for it is much easier and more graceful to serve oneself to salad with two utensils. Then, of course, you should have plates (cold ones this time, for salad must be kept as cold as possible) and a row of salad forks. Any small forks will do. Relishes and jellies, of course, should be supplied with suitable spoons or forks as the need may be. Rolls are usually heated and buttered in the kitchen, and the guests merely pick them up with their

The Miracle

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

One plowing time I broke tough sod
No plow before had ever flawed,
Turned the wiry sweet-fern under,
Broke five-finger roots asunder.
Deep among the pines, I tried
To run my furrows and to hide
My garden from the little thieves
That live upon the shoots and leaves
Of plants which ought to feed a child,
And not the vagrants of the wild.
The tenants of my last year's lot
Would not find my new, I thought.

How the word spread, no one knows,
But green had scarcely pricked the rows
Before there were a thousand wings
Hovering over all my things.
Butterflies of creamy hue
Floated over all the blue
Young cabbage plants, and beetles gaudy,
With inlaid jewels for a body,
Were busy stitching golden beads
Beneath potato leaves and weeds,
Ladybugs in party dresses
Were picnicking upon my cresses.

*How they got through wild pine-land
Only Solomon could understand.*

fingers. You see, it is all very simple, especially if you stop and picture everything out to yourself in advance.

When you plan your menu, be sure to include some of the easy dishes that you or your mother can do particularly well. Perhaps she is a "whiz" at chicken fricassee and baking powder biscuits. Together they would make a grand "pièce de résistance." Arrange the biscuits on a big platter and at the last minute pour the fricassee over them and bring the dish to the table, all piping hot, ready for your hungry young friends.

ANY of the creamed dishes are excellent for buffet meals. So are the stews, soups, curries and the like. All these can be prepared well in advance and warmed up at the last minute. Casserole dishes are popular, too, for the reason that they stay hot, are easy to serve, inexpensive, and are usually not spoiled by waiting. Scalloped potatoes and macaroni with cheese are especially suitable. Deviled eggs and stuffed celery are two other favorites. Try stuffing your celery with a mixture of canned lobster and a little mayonnaise, adding a dash of cayenne pepper. It's awfully good that way.

A prime favorite at buffet parties is a big wooden chopping bowl, filled with crisp greens, made up into a tasty salad. Use all the vegetables that are in season and mix them well with a sharp French dressing. You will be surprised at the marvelous flavor-effects you can get by putting a lot of different vegetables together. Chicory, romaine, chopped up celery, scallions, radishes, green peppers, sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, chopped cabbage—you can use all or some of these, combined with a tart dressing, and get a perfectly delicious result. And almost everybody enjoys salad.

There are some simple tricks in salad making. Here is an important one. Wash all your leafy vegetables, including your celery, several hours before you plan to use them. Dry them carefully with a clean tea towel. Then pack them into an aluminum kettle or dish of some kind that has a well-fitting cover. Set the dish in the refrigerator and leave until time to put the salad together. If you haven't an aluminum dish, use a tin one. A large coffee can serves very well for the little things such as radishes, green onions and green peppers. Then when it is time to serve the salad, everything will be cold and crisp. Break or cut up the leafy vegetables into pieces that can be conveniently eaten without further cutting (your guests will appreciate this; you know how hard it is to cut large pieces of lettuce with a salad fork!); add the sliced or chopped up vegetables; toss everything into a bowl together; season well with salt and pepper; then add your French dressing; and remember to mix everything together thoroughly, using a wooden fork and spoon to mix with. If you make this type of salad correctly, there is nothing more delicious. Your guests will soon be saying that you are famous for your salads.

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

One more point about salads. Never serve a salad made with mayonnaise, whipped cream, cut up marshmallows and the like, unless your salad is the main part of your meal. A salad of that kind—or, for that matter, any sweet salad—is correct with wafers or sandwiches as late evening refreshments. But the mayonnaise type of salad is old-fashioned with a meat course, or with a hearty meal. So if you don't know how to make good French dressing, start in right now to learn.

The invitations to a buffet meal (or any kind of informal party) may be extended over the telephone, or in person. Or you may write little notes to your friends. Whatever method you use, be explicit about the date and hour.

If you happen to have calling cards of your own, you might use them for invitations. For a tea or dance, a young girl frequently uses the calling card of her mother. When calling cards are used, the invitation is usually written on the card in this form:

Buffet Supper
Friday, April 26, 6:30 o'clock
Miss Margaret Waddell
189 First Street *R. s. v. p.*

The letters, R. s. v. p., in the lower corner of the card are always written that way, never all capitals, as R. S. V. P. Do all of you know what they mean? They are the initials of the French phrase, "*Répondez s'il vous plaît*," which translated is "Please reply." They are never used, however, except on invitations that are written in the third person—

such as engraved invitations, or a calling card invitation like the one above. You don't use R. s. v. p. on a personal note.



AND now that we have talked about the invitations, let's consider the list of guests. Your aim, of course, is to make your group as congenial as possible. This does not mean that you can only invite people who know and like one another. You wouldn't ask out-and-out enemies; but it is fun to have a stranger now and then. A most interesting arrangement is to ask several who know each other, and a few to whom part at least of your friends are new. You may not

agree with me in this, and may prefer to keep to your own little crowd. I have found, though, that having someone new brings in fresh ideas and a different slant on things, and seems to stimulate conversation. Perhaps you will have the same experience if you invite that new girl and her brother who have just moved into your block. If you do ask them to come, give them a chance to tell about themselves, and help them get acquainted with your friends.

Having strangers at your party brings us to the subject of introductions. In the first place, (Continued on page 37)

The Room on the Roof

Joan acts the part of friend to an Enemy of Society

Synopsis: This is the story of Joan Brathwayte's strange experiences when she went to New York from the Middle West, to fill a secretarial position in a hospital. On her arrival, she occupied, as a temporary arrangement, a room on the roof of an apartment house. Here she came in contact with some of the employees in the building, a French maid, a laundress, an electrician, and a housepainter. A series of mysterious happenings which seemed to involve these persons and even herself, caused the girl some anxiety.

One evening she was amazed to find her room occupied. The French maid lay on the bed unconscious from chloroform. Joan revived her, then got a second surprise. The painter pushed his way into the room, displayed a detective's badge, and introduced himself as Captain McBride of the Government Service. He told Joan that he was there to prevent a robbery. The captain and a policewoman searched the room and the half-unconscious French girl, but found nothing. Joan learned that the girl was suspected of stealing a pearl necklace from her employer, and that her accomplice, the electrician, had escaped. She felt sorry for the girl, and when "Mamzelle" secretly begged her to deposit her wages in the bank, Joan agreed to do so.

CAPTAIN McBride smiled at Joan. "You're a good sport, Miss Brathwayte, and you've got plenty of nerve," he said.

Joan blushed and grasped her handbag even more tightly. Little he knew how much nerve she had!

"I had men on the roof, as you know," the captain went on, "and one on every floor at the service side in the alleyway, and along the street at that end. I had the bathroom and the empty room covered, and the end of the ladder near your room—he'd made two practice trips, you see, to be sure of his getaway.

"Well, when the pearls were given to him—by someone, of course, for he wasn't in the room at the time—what does he do but go right down in the front elevator, ring the bell on the first floor, and say that he has to disconnect the switches there for a minute, to trace a blow-out fuse in the basement! They believe him, of course, and he darkens the front room, opens the window, and drops out. He walks out the front way, goes over to the avenue and—zip, he's gone! I had a man in the front hall, too, just on the chance, but he was watching *inside*, of course. Well, there you are, and it's one on me."

But in spite of these words, Captain McBride did not act like an utterly downhearted man, and Joan had a strong feeling that he was rather pleased with himself, on the whole.

Why was the criminal "feeling pretty sore at the present

PART VIII

moment," she wondered, as she hurried down to the savings bank whose address was printed on the fat, brown envelope with "Miss Marie Duval," followed by the house number and street written below it.

"I wonder why they think she's Russian?" she said to herself. "Did Miss Casey know her before?"

A little shy at the big bank full of windows marked with initials to classify the depositors, she made her way to the D section, and taking out the fat brown envelope, pushed it timidly under the little window, where a kindly, elderly man put out his hand for it.

"Will you please keep this?" she said. "The—the person who owns it is ill and couldn't bring it herself."

"I see," he said, with a smile for the bright brown eyes and the quick blush of the girl in front of him. "Let's have it. 'Duval', yes, a French name, I see."

"Y-yes, I suppose it is," Joan answered uncomfortably.

"What's all this?" he demanded as she turned to go. "Bills in here?"

"Yes. It's her wages," Joan explained. "That's why she was worried—she had to go to the hospital."

"They *will* do it," the old man said, shaking his white head good-naturedly. "Foreigners all think a bank book is the same thing as a bank! I'll have to take out the wages, my dear young lady, and deposit them for her. I suppose that's what she wants?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," Joan replied. "She didn't say."



"I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT," JOAN ANSWERED. "WON'T YOU PLEASE CALL UP CAPTAIN MCBRIDE? HE KNOWS I'M TELLING THE TRUTH"

"Our files only allow for the exact size of the bank book, you see," he explained.

"And this envelope wouldn't fit in, anyway. I'll take them out, count them, and give you a receipt for them, as she's made out no slip for you. Will that do? Or do you want to take this back to her and explain it yourself?"

"Oh, no," Joan answered quickly. "I—I can't do that."

I SEE. Well, we'll count them then," he said with a friendly smile, and slit open the envelope, pulling out the fat roll of green bills which was stuffed into the bank book.

"And what's all this?" he asked suddenly with a quick look at her, his friendly eyes changing and his lips pursed doubtfully.

Out from the roll of green paper in his hand fell a string of milky pink pearls, clasped with a winking green emerald!

Joan stared at them in horror, her lips parted like a child's.

"Why—why—that's the necklace!" she gasped. "He didn't get it then, after all! Oh, *what shall I do?*"

The man struck a bell at his side quickly, and without taking his eyes from her said in a low

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

voice, "Stay just where you are, please. Don't move!"

In a few seconds a man in khaki, with a revolver strapped to his belt, stood beside her and the people at the various windows began to stare curiously. But when the little man said in a clear, casual voice, "Just show this young lady to Mr. Hunt's room, will you—she wants to discuss a deposit," they ceased to take any interest in her; and when the cashier put the necklace carefully into the envelope again, handing it to the officer, Joan was able to pull herself together, and to realize that if she kept her head no one could hurt her.

"Yes, sir," said the officer briefly. "This way, please, madam." And as she walked beside him, Joan knew that escape was impossible.

He led her in silence to a handsome, quiet office where a middle-aged man sat at a mahogany desk.

"Is this the young woman?" he asked. "Sit down, will you?"

"This—er—article, which I understand has been brought in by you for deposit, cannot be kept here," the banker said curtly, looking at her steadily, "as the depositor, Duval, maintains no safe deposit box here. Didn't you know this?"

"I didn't know anything about it," Joan answered quickly, looking him straight in the eye, for his coldness and suspicion roused all her courage and self-control.

"Mamzelle—the one that owns the book, I mean—gave it to me, sealed up in the envelope, and asked me to bring it here if she wasn't able to. And she wasn't, and I did. That's all. I thought it was just money in it."

"It seems to be a very valuable necklace," said Mr. Hunt, a little less coldly now, and studying her doubtfully. "How do you account for it, Miss—"

MY name is Joan Brathwayte," she said promptly, "and I don't account for it at all. That is, I think I know—oh, won't you please call up Captain McBride at the apartment house—a hundred and fourteen—I'm sure he's there—or Miss Casey? Please do! They know all about it, and they'll tell you! They're in the police, too." And she glanced at the officer beside her.

"They know all about me. They'll tell you I'm telling the truth. Please call Captain McBride!" She twisted her handkerchief nervously as she spoke.

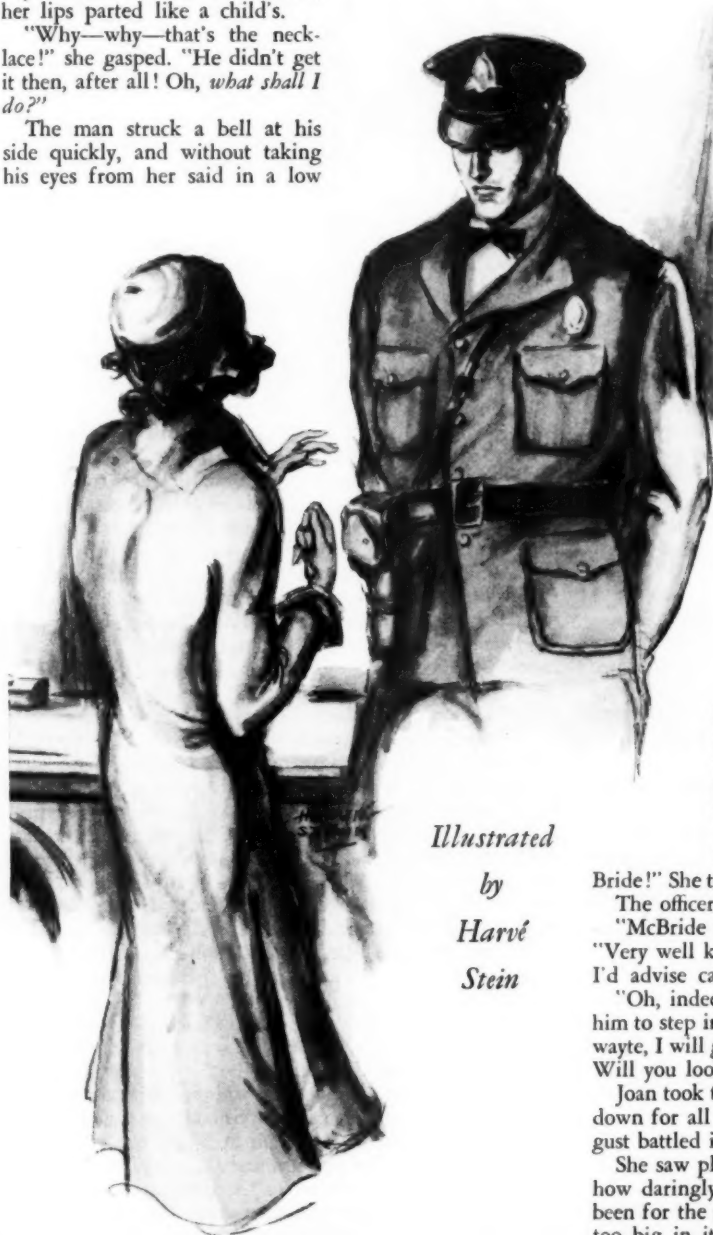
The officer cleared his throat.

"McBride of the Department, sir," he said respectfully. "Very well known to us, sir. If he knows this young lady, I'd advise calling him immediately."

"Oh, indeed! Please call him then, Henderson, and ask him to step in here. And if you will excuse me, Miss Brathwayte, I will go on with my work until this gentleman comes. Will you look at the newspaper while you wait?"

Joan took the paper, but the page might have been upside down for all that she read of it. Fright and anger and disgust battled in her mind, and her heart was heavy.

She saw plainly now what a cat's paw she had been, and how daringly Mamzelle had used her. Why, if it had not been for the simple, practical fact of the bank book's being too big in its envelope for the regular filing system, *she*



Illustrated

by

Harvé

Stein



CAPTAIN MCBRIDE
SMILED AT JOAN.
"YOU'RE A GOOD
SPORT, MISS BRATH-
WAYTE," HE SAID

thing to have—" he added with a little grin at Joan, who blushed—"to look out for a very slick young woman who'd just taken service with a rich American lady. She'd been more or less mixed up with a lot of jewel robberies over there, but she was so cute they couldn't pin anything on her. She always slipped out, d'you see.

"Well, I traced her up and warned the lady's husband, but the lady liked this girl and wouldn't hear of anything. Ladies are that way, you know, sometimes."

Again he looked meaningly at Joan, and again she colored.

"So I advised the gentleman to change the clasps on the two necklaces and he did so; the real one had an emerald and the imitation here had a diamond clasp. I figured the girl would get them the night of the fancy ball, and she did. Madam's a bit shortsighted, and the girl went by the clasp, you see, and in the excitement and dressing up and what not, Madam didn't notice she'd changed 'em on her!

"I don't know yet whether the two of them fixed up this chloroform stunt to put everybody off the scent of your Mamzelle, or whether her confederate really played a trick on her, thinking he had the pearls—she probably gave him a package, you see. But anyway, she had them, and it looks to me as if she'd picked on you all along, Miss Brathwayte, to get them to the bank for her. Or maybe she had somebody else in mind, and was too sick to work it. Anyway, she's a quick worker and a quick thinker, that girl, and it's going to give me a lot of comfort to send her back to London, where they're waiting for her, believe me. They knew she was at the bottom of at least two big robberies, but they just couldn't prove it.

would have been the one who had really stolen that necklace! It would have been through her, and her alone, that it would have lain there, safely kept for the thieves when they should come to claim it! And she had helped to conceal it from the ones who were searching for it!

"*I like you, Mees Nur-rse. You are not like ze ozzers!*"

How childishly pleased she had been by this simple flattery—how angry with the two who had seemed to her so suspicious and unfair!

ONLY her pride kept her from a burst of frightened tears. And when a quick knock at the door ushered in the captain, with what joy and relief Joan saw those glancing brown eyes, and how gratefully she jumped up to greet the man she had disliked and mistrusted—it seemed so long ago now!

"Oh, Captain McBride, she *did* take it! She had it all the while! Isn't it dreadful!" she cried.

The captain smiled and took from his pocket the famous bank book.

"Well, well, well!" he said, shaking his head at her but, to her delight, in the friendliest possible way. "I guess we'll have to appoint you to the force, Miss Brathwayte! You're certainly a wonder! The one thing I need, and you hand it to me like a sugar cookie! They ought to give you this string o' beads—I'd like to myself!"

"Rather a valuable present, Captain McBride," Mr. Hunt suggested smiling. "I suppose I'm not to ask any questions, but I gather that this young lady is not exactly under arrest?"

"Well, I should rather say not," said the captain. "But between you and me and the lamp post, sir, it wouldn't be such a whale of a present at that. Not that good synthetic pearls like this can be got for nothing, you understand."

"What! It's not the real necklace!" Joan cried, staring at him.

"Well, no," said the captain, "it's not. But your Mamzelle thought it was, and it's put her just where I want her. You see, sir, we were tipped off from London—where I worked for a couple o' years and picked up the accent, being a useful

SHE always gets somebody to help her, and she's certainly got a way with her—look at this lady swearing she's all right and sending her to the hospital! And she staying there as comfortable and innocent as you please! It's a caution for snakes!"

Joan hardly knew how she found herself in a taxi with the captain rolling along to the apartment, but when he asked her suddenly, "See here, Miss Brathwayte, where in time *was* that bank book?" she came to, out of a confused series of memories, and laughed a little hysterically.

"In the pillow under Mamzelle's head, Captain," she answered gulping. "You forgot that was mine. You gave it to me yourself!"

"But we went over—gosh, you had *two* pillows on your bed, that's right!" he said. "Well, that's one on William McBride, all right! I'll slam Casey for that! I guess I'm not so good as they tell me. And you took it straight to the bank for her. Say, that was pretty good, wasn't it?"

"I know I oughtn't to have done that," she confessed, near to tears now, but he patted her hand reassuringly.

"I know just how you figured," he said gently. "You were sorry for her. Well, you're young, Miss Brathwayte, and I can't blame you but I thought, (*Continued on page 46*)

"Love Me, Love My Dog"

By

GEORGIA STANBROUGH

*Another story about Diana and
her dog at boarding school*

I WANT to win this election more than I ever wanted anything," said Diana, her eyes dark with intensity. "It isn't just for the honor." The words tumbled out breathlessly in her anxiety to make the president of the Senior class understand. "It's because Mother is writing that she wants to take me out of Foxcroft, and put me in school in France next year. Oh, Dixie, I want to stay here! All my life I've been moved from one place to another so fast that I've never been anything but an onlooker before. You're the only real friend I have, and Foxcroft has given me the happiest year I've ever known." Diana paused and her voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Mother wouldn't take me away if I could write her that I had been elected to Student Council."

Dixie put her arm affectionately on the younger girl's shoulder. They made a striking pair—the senior tall and fair, the freshman small, delicately formed, her French ancestry showing in her dark coloring and intense, explosive speech.

"You say you want the election more than you ever wanted anything," said Dixie. "Do you mean that?"

"Oh, I do," cried Diana.

Dixie Lee turned and stood gazing out across the campus. The whole world looked fresh and sparkling, splashed in sunlight and the gay colors of spring. It was Field Day at the Foxcroft School for Girls, and the sunny lawns would soon be filled with visiting parents and friends. Already the Misses Katharine and Helen Fox, head mistresses, were greeting early arrivals.

During the day the classes would compete in sports, the climax of the program being the track events in the late afternoon. After the activities of the day were over, there would come the thrilling evening assembly where speakers would urge the cause of the two girls who were candidates for a place on the Student Council Board. Dixie was to sponsor Diana Daigneault, and Hilda Crane was to put up the other nominee for the office, the assured and self-confident Dorcas Williams.

Suddenly Dixie turned to Diana and her eyes flashed. "I heard Hilda talking last night, and do you know what she is going to base her opposition to you on? It's the meanest trick you can imagine. Not on you, Diana—you've made too fine a record this year with your hockey honors and dramatics. No, not on you—on your dog, Coffee."



"YOU SAY YOU WANT TO WIN THE ELECTION MORE THAN YOU EVER WANTED ANYTHING," SAID DIXIE. "DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT?"

"Coffee?" faltered the younger girl. "What do you mean?"

"Tonight Hilda is going to say that Student Council is the undergraduate body which helps to make and enforce the rules at Foxcroft. She's going to say that there should be no place on that Board for a girl who every day breaks one of the oldest rules of the school—that pets are not allowed."

BUT both Miss Katharine and Miss Helen gave Coffee permission to stay here. Because he gave the alarm that saved Foxcroft from burning down. Everyone knows that."

"I didn't say Hilda was right, Di. I said it was the meanest sort of trick, getting at you through your dog. It makes me furious."

"What can I do?" asked Diana, in a stricken voice.

"I've been thinking and thinking about it. Hilda's a good speaker. She knows that some girls resent the fact that they are not allowed to have their pets here, when you have yours. She'll trade on that. The only way I can see for you to kill the effect of her speech is to say you're planning not to bring Coffee back with you next term."

The color ebbed from Diana's face. "You know how I feel about Coffee. He's the dearest thing I have," she cried. "And he's won a right to his place here."

"I know," answered Dixie, "I know all that. Does winning the election mean more to you than Coffee?"

Diana dropped down on the grass. "It isn't fair," she said.



A COFFEE-COLORED STREAK FLASHED ACROSS THE GRASS, STRAIGHT TOWARD DIANA. SHE TRIED TO SWERVE, BUT COFFEE BOUNDED AGAINST HER AND BROKE HER STRIDE

the program like one in a trance, and was only dimly aware of the color and gayety around her. It was not until mid-afternoon, when the audience took its place to watch the track events, that Diana's senses became sharp and clear. In this, she had a special part to play.

All the school was gathering at the athletic field to watch the final competition of the day. Beyond the stands, at the edge of the wood, Coffee was

romping with Hilda's baby sister, a curly haired little girl of three. Coffee loved children and always made a great fuss over them. It *would* be Hilda's sister, thought Diana, whom he would choose to entertain with his rompings. They were playing tag with one another, back and forth around the trees and bushes, and everyone was watching and laughing at their antics. But Diana forgot them, and so did everyone else, when the track meet got under way.

As one by one the events were run off, the freshman and sophomore classes worked out into the lead, though neither was able to get more than a few points ahead of the other. In putting the shot, high jumping, hurdling, these two classes showed themselves to have almost equal skill. Bit by bit the upper classmen dropped behind, until it became evident that the victory lay between the freshmen and sophomores. The cheers of the spectators mounted higher and higher, as the neck and neck competition continued.

WHEN at last it came to the final event, the hundred yard dash, and the two classes were tied in points, the excitement of the spectators flamed high. Diana was to represent the freshmen and as she waited, slim and straight in her scarlet uniform, her heart beat wildly. Dorcas Williams, who tonight would be her competitor for the place on Student Council, was the sophomore entry in the race. Diana sensed the interest of the school in the fact that the two girls who would later compete in the election for one of the highest honors at Foxcroft, would first take each other's measure on the track.

At last Diana saw the officials gathering at the four white bordered lanes which stretched clear and straight to the finish line. She heard the sophomores burst into a frenzy of cheers, and the freshmen hurled their answer across the campus in swelling chorus.

A whistle shrilled suddenly and Diana gasped. In her excitement she had completely forgotten—she must get someone to hold Coffee. Whenever he saw Diana in full

"Of course it isn't fair—but it will work," answered Dixie. She patted Diana's shoulder. "You don't have to decide this minute," she said. "Just let me know before the meeting tonight. I've got to go now. There are a million things to do."

Long after the older girl had left, Diana stayed motionless, lost in thought. No one, she realized, understood what Coffee meant to her, who had never known the family ties which other girls took for granted. And now they wanted to take even him away from her.

A fierce resentment rose within her, which turned at last to a grim determination to win the election without sacrificing Coffee. Her hands clenched into two hard little fists. She wouldn't be beaten by so mean a trick. But how, how to prevent it?

WHEN she joined the others to take her part in the ceremonies of the day, she had none of her usual vivacity. The campus was crowded with parents and guests, but although everyone else had mothers and fathers, younger brothers and sisters, coming to share their triumphs and happiness, there was no one for Diana. Her parents were abroad, and she felt keenly the isolation of her position. It served to make her cling the closer to the one thing that was hers, the one creature that had always shared her joys and sorrows—her little coffee-colored dog.

The day and its activities swept on, but Diana found no solution to her problem. She moved through her part in

flight he tore after her, jumping and barking at what he evidently considered a game. She rushed to where she had last seen him playing with the child. Fortunately he was there and, picking him up, she hurried back to her classmates. As she wound among the press of girls, banked along the track, a voice called, "Here, Di, give Coffee to me. I'll hold the pup for you."

IT was Hilda Crane who held out her hand, Hilda who in her speech tonight would try to use Coffee as a means of defeating Diana in the election. For a second Diana hesitated, but again a whistle shrilled, and dumping her dog into Hilda's arms, she fled for the starting line.

The other three runners were waiting, and the official stood with raised arm.

"On your marks," he called, as Diana took her position in the first lane. Four forms crouched, fingers on the line, feet braced for the forward leap. A hush fell over the crowds. One of these girls would carry her colors to victory. All four of them were fast, but Dorcas and Diana—these were the two on whom the attention of the crowd was focused.

"Get set!" barked the starter. Four girls raised their weight to their toes. Then the gun cracked, and they were off. Diana did not hear the shouting of the spectators, all her being was concentrated on just one thing—to run as she had never run before. Almost immediately the senior dropped behind. She could not keep the pace of those other three figures whose flying feet swept them down the course. Diana and Dorcas drew ahead, each spurred by a double desire for victory. As they passed the fifty-yard mark, a great shout went up from the freshmen. Diana was working out a slight, a very slight lead. But she knew it was Dorcas who still pounded close at her shoulder. It was either's race.

Now Diana's slender form seemed hardly to touch the ground as she threw every ounce of strength into a final spurt. Bit by bit her lead increased until at last it seemed that the race must surely be hers. The freshmen rose, almost as a class, ready to shrill their exultant shout of victory.

At that moment a coffee-colored streak flashed across the grass, straight at Diana. She saw him coming and tried to swerve, but he threw himself against her and broke her stride. In that second, Dorcas flashed ahead and over the line. A wild shout rose from the sophomores. They had been prepared for defeat, and in an instant they had become the victors.

"Who let that dog loose? Who was holding him?" The question passed rapidly through the crowd. And at the answer, "Hilda," there were disappointing murmurs.

Diana was stunned. Coffee had made her lose the race. Would he also make her lose the election tonight? In her disappointment,

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

the incident seemed prophetic. She was hardly aware when Dixie came up to her.

"Tough luck, Di!" her friend said, "but we can square things tonight."

What have you decided?"

Diana's thoughts still whirled. Coffee's interference in the race would certainly add effectiveness to Hilda's speech. The whole freshman class had a reason to resent him now, for he had made them lose the track meet. Diana caught her breath. Perhaps she *should* send him away.

And then she looked down at Coffee, trotting contentedly beside her, unconscious of his guilt. He looked up and wagged his tail, and Diana's eyes softened.

"Yes, Dixie," she said at last. "I have decided—not to send Coffee away. I'll have to win in spite of him."

Dixie's face clouded. "It won't be easy," she warned. "This afternoon—"

"I know, I know," answered Diana. "But if Coffee has to leave Foxcroft, I might as well go, too."

She started toward the gymnasium, but she had not gone far when she heard a cry, and then a confused babble of voices. Suddenly a whistle blew an imperious blast, and in the ensuing silence, Diana heard Miss Katharine's voice rise high and clear.

"I wish everyone's attention," the head mistress announced. "While we have been watching the races, Hilda Crane's baby sister has wandered off from her mother. Has anyone seen her since she was playing with Coffee?"

There was a complete silence.

WILL everyone please look around, to be sure she is not in the crowd?"

Again silence. Startled glances passed from one to another. What could have happened? At that moment there flashed into Diana's mind the thought of the wood bordering the track field, and its secret and hidden places. Coffee had been playing there with the child. Could he have been responsible for her straying away? Was this, too, his fault? At the thought, Diana's heart almost stopped beating. The sun was getting low. There would not be many more hours

of daylight. Again Miss Katharine's voice rose above the gathering tumult.

"I wish every student to engage in the search," she announced. "I feel sure the child must be near at hand and perfectly safe, but we must find her at the earliest possible moment. For the next hour and a half, I will lift all boundary prohibitions, and you may extend your search as far as you are able. But every girl must return when she hears the chimes ring seven o'clock. In the meantime, if the child is found, you will be recalled by the fire whistle. Now you may go."

Diana joined one of the groups that (Continued on page 50)



SHE DROPPED DOWN
ON HER KNEES TO
SEARCH ABOUT ON
THE SOFT GROUND

Lost River

*Ellen
planned a good
game, but the woods
offered better luck
than she even
dreamed*

By
CHARLES G.
MULLER

ELLEN WAKEFIELD'S laughing brown eyes, famed for observing things that ordinary mortals overlooked, peeped at Bilge Wyeth over the top of her early breakfast coffee cup.

"Think you'll ever find your way back here to the Lodge after Hedda and I lose you this morning?" she asked.

Bilge stretched his six-foot frame, tugged down his apricot-hued sweater, and grinned back across the breakfast table.

"I keep telling you, Eagle-Eye, that Tank and I were born in the mountains. Why, we can talk to the animals and the trees!"

"But do they answer back?" giped Hedda Vaughn.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Harrison were laughing. For Bilge Wyeth and Tank Beegle, admittedly first-class sailors, certainly were not woodsmen.

"When I get finished with you today," Ellen promised as she picked up a sliver of toast, "you'll be harder to find than Lost River!"

"You and your Lost River!" grunted Tank Beegle, shifting his wide shoulders to a more comfortable slouching position. "I hope you fall into it!"

"Why, Tank!" chided Ellen. "I never go into the water when I shouldn't. You and Bilge do *that*!"

Ellen was referring to the previous summer, when she had gained command of the Willowmere Yacht Club's entry in the Commodore's Trophy races by the effective strategy of sailing off with the boat while Tank and Bilge were swimming lazily in the middle of Long Island Sound. She often recalled that episode, to the discomfiture of both boys. As a result they were wary of her every move.

"Don't go with Eagle-Eye to Vermont or anywhere else," Tank had warned Bilge three weeks earlier when Ellen first had shown them the Harrisons' invitation to Jabez Binney Lodge for the Easter holidays.

"Don't worry," soothed Bilge. "I'm working on my boat during vacation."

Ellen had protested.

"Hedda Vaughn's just crazy to see how the Green Moun-

"THINK YOU'LL EVER
FIND YOUR WAY
BACK?" ASKED ELLEN



tains look around camp in early spring. If you two won't drive us up, I'll have to tell the Harrisons we can't make it."

Bilge cheered. "That's swell!"

Ellen then had tried a new tack.

"We'll have horses to ride, a swell log cabin with big fireplaces, and—and Lost River to find. That'll——"

"Lost River? Not another treasure hunt?" asked Tank, perking up. Ellen's last treasure hunt, faked by the boys, unexpectedly had won her a new racing boat.

LOST River is a branch of the White River that mysteriously disappeared," she explained. "According to Indian legend, the river still exists. But nobody knows where."

"That," scoffed Tank, "is a big help!"

"I suppose *you* could find it, eh?" jeered Bilge.

"Probably. And get a medal for it, too, because——"

"You'd get yourself lost in the mountains. Then we'd have to go hunt for you, and a swell Easter vacation that would be! Thank the Harrisons for the invitation, and count me out."

"Me, too," added Tank.

Ellen had to think fast. She did.

"You two lazy hulks don't want to work on your boat during the holidays. You hate work," she taunted.

"That's libel!" declared Bilge. "We could sue you for big damages."

"So I'll help you out," said Ellen, and stopped.

Bilge's long face showed sudden interest. "You'll help, eh?"

"I will. And I always do as I promise."

Obviously Bilge suspected something, but the chance to get free labor for his sailing craft was too strong to resist.

"What's on your mind? Come clean."

"I'll do two weeks' free work on that mud scow you think you race in, if——"

"If what?"

"If I can't lose you two smoothies in those mountains around Binney Lodge!"

Two barbs in a single taunt were too much. Bilge fell into Ellen's trap, and Tank tumbled after.

"Say, you couldn't lose your breath!" snorted Bilge. "Much less lose me! Why I designed the first compass!"

"And just for your crack about a mud scow," declared Tank, "I will go to Vermont."

Satisfied, Ellen had smiled to herself. That pair always thought they were so smart!

NOW Bilge was pointing a long, warning finger across the cabin table at Hedda Vaughn, whose cornflower blue eyes danced behind Scandinavian blond eyelashes.

"You'll be sorry you ever had anything to do with this crazy idea of Ellen's."

Roger Harrison, with a wide grin on his thin face, put in a suggestion.

"Take my target pistol, Bilge. Shoot once and wait for the rescue party's answer. Then shoot again, and——"

"Give the pistol to Eagle-Eye!" Bilge growled, as he and Tank stalked out of the cabin for the shed where the horses

Illustrations by

Henrietta McCaig Starrett

were stabled. They mounted in silence.

Following a few minutes later, Ellen saw that the sun had given up its efforts to break through the clouds and

had gone into hiding.

"Which makes it that much easier for us to lose the boy friends," she observed contentedly. "They won't be able to get bearings from the sun."

"But they'll use their compass," Hedda pointed out, as she swung her lithe form into the Western saddle of her calico pony.

NOT they. They think they're much too good for that!" Sitting their animals with the careless abandon of experienced cowboys, Bilge and Tank were waiting.

"You've had a week to get the general lay of the land," Roger Harrison was telling them. "Now Ellen and Hedda are to take you wherever they want. When they say the word, you wait ten minutes so they can clear out. Then you're to get back here to the Lodge before dark, to win your wager. Right?"

Four heads nodded, and Roger Harrison thrust his target pistol into Bilge Wyeth's lunch pack.

"Off you go, then," he shouted. "And if you're not home by dark, don't wander around. Just stay put, and shoot off the pistol now and then."

Bilge waved in a grand gesture. His face beamed.

"We'll be in before Ellen," he boasted, and the girl did not see him wink at his companion.

"We'll probably come home via Lost River," added Tank.

For an hour the quartet wound along back country roads, far from main highways north to Canada. Ellen had hoped to

THE DEVIOUS TRAIL—IF IT HAD REALLY BEEN ONE—HAD COME TO AN END, AND ELLEN KNEW VERY WELL THE BOYS COULD NOT NOW HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE DIRECTION OF THE CAMP





Toward the horses she raced. But Bilge Wyeth and Tank Beegle, astride their own mounts and leading the girls' two ponies by their long Western reins, were off at a gallop! And if their purpose in running away was not clear, Bilge's back-flung gibe left no doubt.

"See if *you* can find your way home!" he yelled. Then two boys and four horses, hoofs pounding, vanished among the trees.

Ellen's flashing eyes gazed for several seconds in the direction of the absconding youths.

"So that's what Bilge meant when he told Roger Harrison they'd beat us home!"

"THE WAY I FEEL NOW," GRUNTED HEDDA, "I COULDN'T EVEN CLIMB A BLADE OF GRASS"

"They never intended to keep their word!" cried Hedda.

"We should have known we couldn't trust that pair as far as we can throw an elephant. When I get hold of them, I'll—"

Ellen's wrath was righteous. She had made an honest bargain, and she had intended to live up

to her part. Had the boys found their unaided way back to the Lodge, she would have worked hard on Bilge's boat for two weeks. But that pair just *had* to go and pull another of their tricks!

"Oh, let's forget it," she said finally. "It's our own fault for being so dumb."

"But it's *such* a long walk home. And they didn't even leave Roger Harrison's pistol—in case we really get lost."

"I THOUGHT you knew the way back!" exclaimed Ellen. "I don't know this section at all," her companion confessed weakly.

Ellen straightened her orange-sweatered shoulders. "Then we'd better start for the Lodge right away!"

"This is the last horseback ride I'll ever walk home from!" groaned Hedda.

Along the trail left by the four fleeing horses, the girls picked their way, discovering quickly that Bilge and Tank intended to get out of the woods by the simple expedient of following the tracks the quartet had made coming in.

"But we didn't leave any hoof-marks at that rocky place that looked so much like a dried-up brook," Ellen told Hedda. "They won't know where to go from there."

"Neither will we."

It took a full hour and a half of steady walking to reach the place that Ellen remembered. And, just as Hedda had observed, they could find no hoofprints.

"You'd think four horses would leave some sort of mark even on a city pavement!"

Ellen's famous bump of location was proving to be a spurious swelling, and for two more weary miles the pair—spread far apart in an attempt to cover a wide area in their forward march—scuffed their riding boots on rocks and stumbled over windfalls. Ellen's watch registered five minutes past one o'clock, and her stomach registered starvation.

"I suppose our pals are gorging our lunch as well as their own," she grumbled. "They *would* take everything we really could use, and just leave us something heavy to carry!" Fingering a long flash-light she had meant to give the boys "to light them home at night," she (Continued on page 32)

confuse the boys before going into the woods, but she could see that Bilge and Tank, experienced in locating landmarks while sailing, were keeping their eyes well peeled.

On entering the woods, however, she smiled. Now they had not the slightest idea of direction, for underbrush was thick, even though trees and shrubs were leafless. Deeper and deeper into the woods penetrated the four riders, Ellen depending not only on her own good bump of location, but on Hedda's summer camping experience in this part of Vermont. Along a depression between two high ridges that once might have been the bed of a stream, they walked their mounts for a half hour. Then an open path showed ahead, and Ellen broke into a canter.

By the end of another hour, the devious trail, if really it had been one, came to an end. And Ellen knew very well that the boys could not possibly have retained any idea of direction. She looked at her wrist-watch.

NEARLY three hours we've been out—quarter to eleven. I guess we're here."

"Where?" demanded Bilge, as all four dismounted and stretched their legs.

"Lost," suggested Hedda.

"You two may be lost," retorted Bilge. "But not us."

"That's what *you* think!" said Ellen, motioning to Hedda and drawing her a short distance away from the boys.

"Are you sure we can find the way back?" she asked.

Hedda's blond head nodded, but not vigorously.

"It may take time," she responded. "And I'm glad we'll be riding and not walking, because it's a long way to—"

Ellen's eyes caught a glimpse of movement. She gave an outraged shout.

"Hey! Come back here, you two!"

BUT BEFORE KING COULD
RESPOND TO HER CRY,
CLAIRE KNEW THE ANSWER



Keeper of the Wolves

Claire decides to enter her dogs in the Totem Pole Race

Synopsis: This is the story of Claire Jameson whose skill with sled dogs was known all over Alaska. Jake Connolley, famous "dog musher" (drowned before the story begins), had taught her his secrets; and her attempt to solve the mystery of a pack of "ghost dogs" which haunted the freight trails and pulled down passing teams, is the theme of this tale. Several times the girl encountered the "phantoms" but they never attacked her team; and once when Indians threatened to kill her brother, Dr. Peter Jameson, the ghost dogs appeared and frightened them away.

The event of the year in that part of Alaska was the Totem Pole Race for sled dogs. Claire planned to enter her team, with Henry Tensee as driver, and to use her brother's wheel dog, Sampson. But all of her plans went askew. Sampson was poisoned, though he recovered; and a few days before the race Henry's sled went through the ice in the river. His dogs pulled him out, and Claire and Ed Pegler discovered his body.

PART V

IS Henry dead?" Claire whispered, staring down at the prostrate figure on the ice.

"I don't know," Ed responded harshly. "'Tain't like

By
**NORMA
BICKNELL
MANSFIELD**

you to stand around askin' fool questions." His unexpected rebuke brought the girl to her senses.

"Here," she said matter-of-factly, "get him on my sled. I'll take him in. King's stronger than your whole bunch put together. I'll put him in harness. You bring in the other team.

Take Hank's head. Be careful of that leg. Oh, Ed, do you think Pete will be home?"

"Sure," Ed said grimly, "and waitin' for business. All right, Pink. Line 'em out. You got a life to save—maybe!" He settled the meager harness on the girl's lead dog and stepped back.

Claire didn't need that warning. Nor did King. Her command turned him down river.

"Hey," Ed bellowed, "you can't go that way. You'll duck the boy again!"

"Mind your own team," Claire shouted, as she leaned with the swaying sled righting itself on the slippery surface of the river. "King will take care of mine!" Her voice rang clear and steady, but there was a note of entreaty in it. "Mush home, King dog! Take us home!"

Inert beneath fur robes, his long body making a mummy mound in the sled, Henry Tensee appeared more dead than alive. Claire dared not look at that covered heap. She kept

her eyes on her team of dogs, racing now behind their leader who set them a pace they had never touched before. Even Claire marveled at King's strength. Only once had she ever seen him played out—and then he had accomplished a task three times too difficult for any dog.

"King, boy! King! Bring us in!" she shouted on the wave of her love for the coal-black husky. "Hallelujah, pull your weight!" Suddenly, as though he had not touched his reserve, King broke into greater speed. A snarl, long-drawn and menacing, rumbled from between his bared teeth. Claire lifted her eyes. There, to her left, ran the ghostly team. They were no more than twenty feet away, a ribbon of molten silver running on a steel-gray stream.

"You know, it occurs to me, Pink, them wild beasts only pick on tired strings!" As though the words had been spoken again, Claire heard them knelling in her ears.

"You're not tired, King! You're not tired!" she groaned. She turned to the silver pack, her mittened hand clenched as she shook it toward them.

"You'll never get me!" she cried. "Some day I'll tie you to a towline, and show you why!" Noiselessly, relentlessly, they glided beside her.

ABRUPTLY the terror left Claire's heart. In its place grew a nagging question. What brought the beasts to her side? What strange power made them her guardians when to every other musher they were foes? Was it the indomitable King that made them wary? Or was it, again, that extraordinary magic of her own, direct gift of Jake Connolley, which gave her control over every dog she had known? She could not tell.

Again as the lights of the town pricked the pulsing darkness, the phantoms faded away. Mindful of her burden once more, Claire forgot them. King led his team through the village without halting his stride. Nor did he turn when his own kennel was beside him. Straight to the cabin door he sped the team.

Claire's shout brought Pete running. Boal gave him a hand to lift the motionless figure from the sled.

"Tell Gran I'm going for Aunt Sarah," Claire called, and set off again.

Mrs. Tensee was sick with fear for her son. The girl caught up a fur robe and wrapped it about the trembling little figure; she could find no reassuring words.

"It's my fault. It's all my fault," the old woman said again and again. "He went out to meet you, Claire. The storm—he was afraid you'd get lost. He told me he was going. I was afraid for him—but I told him to go. I was so proud of him, Claire. He looked strong again. And well. Like himself. Like the boy we know. I told him to go!"

"Of course you told him to go," the girl murmured as they left the house. "Keep that robe close around you,

*Illustrations by
Joseph Stabley*

Aunt Sarah. The wind is wicked tonight."

"Yes, it is. And I sent him out in it."

"No," Claire said gently, "he sent himself. And I think we should be very proud of him. Here we are. Boal!" Her call brought the Indian running to drive the dogs to the kennels. "Rub them down and give King an extra portion tonight, will you, Boal? He outdid himself. Even better than his best!"

"We don't know what his best is," Boal responded simply.

Within the house there was grave silence. Pete had impressed Gran's services, while Namak stood near at hand to lend help where she could. Seeing Mrs. Tensee, Pete withheld the words he meant to have spoken. Claire sensed their intent. Henry's chance of surviving was too small to measure. Claire and Ed had saved his life, but how long that life would last no one could say. She felt weary and defeated.

In the days that followed, she cast all thought of the coming race from her mind. She had been counting on it for months past; if a Jameson team won that race, her brother's reputation would spread through the surrounding country where he had been working so relentlessly to restore health, to save life. Pete had spoken a true word when he said that Claire had done him a tremendous service by being herself. Being herself included loving dogs and raising them; no Jameson dog had proved unworthy. Vicariously Pete benefited by that fact; even a doctor couldn't be wholly unreliable, with a sister who had raised the standards of husky teams throughout that whole section of Alaska. But Henry's accident made her cast aside impatiently the recurrent regret which thought of the race brought to her mind.

Slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity, Henry recuperated. His broken leg was in a cast, but he had no other tangible reminder of the accident.

"I was taking the river way," he explained to Claire when Pete allowed him to talk again, "to make better time. Everything was going along perfectly swell; we were making time that even King couldn't have bettered. I'd planned to turn in to the trail again, there where you found me. That turn was a mistake. With a break in the dike, as you might say, right under me. The dogs must have pulled me out. I remember going down, holding my breath—try it in water at something below—keeping a death-grip on that sled. The shock of the plunge must have knocked me out, and of course the mitten freezing to the sled was enough to keep me from sliding back into the hole again. But I'll hand it to that team, Claire. They're wonders."

"Do you suppose that's what happened to Jake Connolley, Hank?" the girl asked thoughtfully. "Maybe his team tried to pull him out, but he—didn't hang on long enough. They found his sled way below where the hole into which he must

BROWN RIVER

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

The land you channel is still your own,

Brown river,

Though men and shore lines have come and gone

(You flowing ever),

And your silt which builds for a day and a day,

And the bluffs your gnawing has cut away,

Are made and destroyed, as a child at play

Will mold or scatter his blobs of clay,

Brown river.

You have seen the savage pushed back and back,

Brown river,

By the ceaseless press of a wagon track

(You flowing ever),

And then the rails that were laid in pain,

Then the beetle-buzz of a wide-winged plane—

And you know, as they came, they will pass again,

And nothing matters but sun and rain,

Brown river.



"IS HENRY DEAD?" CLAIRE WHISPERED, STARING DOWN AT THE PROSTRATE FORM ON THE ICE

have fallen lay. Maybe his team pulled it that far—without him. There were broken pieces of harness nearby. Maybe the harness broke when they were trying to pull him out, and only a part of the line hung to the sled. Or maybe Jake dragged the team in with him."

"Maybe," Henry agreed. "No team of Jake's would have deserted him willingly, I know. Remember how they used to answer his least command without question? His dogs were almost human, Claire, the way they responded to him. Only you and he could drive them. Gee, I'd like to have owned that black Malemute string he had when he left here three or four years ago."

"He was breeding Siberian Malemutes up in Nome for a time."

"Golly, Pink!" Henry tried to sit up, and fell back with a groan. "It's tough to be under the care of a doctor! How do you stand living in the same house with him, Claire?"

The girl laughed. "What were you about to say?"

"Just this! How'd you like to have that string of Jake's to enter in the Totem Pole? You know he's the only musher I ever heard of who wouldn't race his team. Said it didn't prove anything, and took too much out of them."

"THAT'S true, it does," Claire agreed. "If it weren't for the sake of Pete, I'd give up all thought of entering. As it is, I'm using my best dogs because I know they're good enough to lick all the rest without so much as straining themselves."

"Which reminds me," Henry put in. "What came over you that day I found you working on Sampson? You sure were a stranger to me!"

"I'm sorry!" Claire's laugh drew a responsive smile from the recumbent freighter. "I was sound asleep, Henry. I'd been planning to say those things to you the minute I saw you again—but I hadn't expected to see you calling on me. I thought you'd be avoiding me, and I'd have to hunt you down to tell you my opinion briefly but in a loud voice. I

hadn't slept for two days, and the shock of seeing you started the words and I couldn't stop them. I didn't want to, at the time. When I woke up again, I realized the time to say them had passed just before you appeared in the doorway. Forgotten and forgotten?"

"Sure," Henry said. "Anyway, they were swell words, Pink." He grinned engagingly. "Who's going to pilot your team in the race? Ed Pegler?"

CLAIRE shook her head. "Ed left yesterday with Mrs. Pegler for Fairbanks. Aunt Sarah let him take your team. Ed's is substituting for Tel's mail string with the new mailman. The Peglers won't be back for three weeks. Every other musher I know is entering his team. Except Tel Patrick, of course."

"Now there's a lad," Henry cried with mock enthusiasm, "guaranteed to lose half your string on the route, and have the rest ready for burial on return. What's he doing now, Pink?"

"Should I care?" the girl asked indifferently. "He keeps out of my way, that's all I ask of him." She did not explain to Henry what particular reason Tel had for avoiding her. "Well, Gran is supposed to be teaching me how to knit heels into socks this morning. Hans gets in some time today, if you can depend on his own spoken word over the telephone. Somebody will probably report a starving sourdough up in Circle, and Hans will include a couple of thousand miles of flying in his journey home. I'll send him in to talk with you if he shows up." Not until after the girl had disappeared into the outer room did Henry realize that she had not told him who was to drive her team in the race.

Claire had made the omission deliberately. Twenty minutes after she had taken up her knitting needles, and settled down dutifully beside Gran to learn to turn heels, that astute oldster looked her calmly in the eye and told her decidedly to get out.

"You've been sitting here (Continued on page 41)

Has Your Troop



RED, YELLOW AND BLUE EASTER EGGS! IT'S FUN TO DYE THEM, AND EVEN BROWNIES CAN HELP



THIS DESERTED SCHOOL-HOUSE AT CARPENTERIA, CALIFORNIA WAS AN EYE-SORE TO THE COMMUNITY UNTIL THE SCHOOL BOARD ALLOWED THE GIRL SCOUTS TO TAKE IT OVER AS A CLUBHOUSE



NEWLY STARCHED CURTAINS, JUST LIKE MOTHER HAS AT HOME, WILL GIVE SPRING-LIKE CRISPNESS TO YOUR BELOVED LITTLE HOUSE



PERHAPS THIS LUSCIOUS LOOKING FRUIT IS TO BE DESSERT AT A MEAL SERVED IN THE LITTLE HOUSE FOR THE MOTHERS OF THE TROOP TO WHICH THIS GIRL IN THE PICTURE BELONGS



A CORNER OF THE DESERTED SCHOOL-HOUSE AFTER IT HAD BEEN CLEANED AND FURNISHED WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM GIRL SCOUT HOUSEHOLDS

pa Little House?

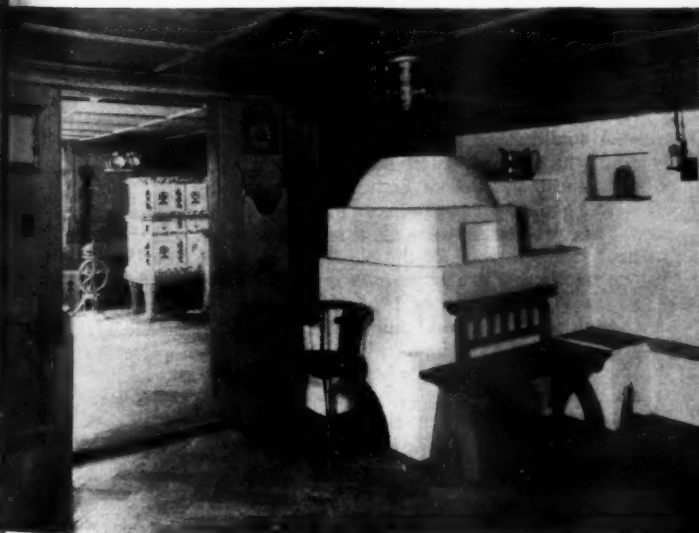
Girl Scouts who have Little Houses will be brightening them up for Easter, and those who have not, will be planning how to get Little Houses of their own



STATELY EASTER LILIES BLOOM
IN SPITE OF BLUSTERY WEATHER



THE WAELDERHAUS AT KOHLER, WISCONSIN IS PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS DESIGNED BY AN AUSTRIAN ARCHITECT, KASPAR ALBRECHT, AND IS THE TYPE OF HOUSE IN THE VORARLBERG, AUSTRIA



AN INTERIOR IN THE WAELDERHAUS, WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE GIRL SCOUTS BY MARIE C. KOHLER IN MEMORY OF HER FATHER. THE VORARLBERG IS A PART OF AUSTRIA WHICH PENETRATES SWITZERLAND, AND YOU SEE THE SWISS CHALET INFLUENCE THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE



A MURAL IN THE GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOUSE, HOUSTON, TEXAS, PAINTED BY ONE OF THE LEADERS, SHOWS TYPICAL SCOUT ACTIVITIES

Real Hospitality in Your

Girl Scouts have a splendid chance to learn that pleasant American art:

THESE ARE DETROIT GIRL SCOUTS BUILDING THEMSELVES A CABIN AT LAKE WILDERMERE. IF YOU CAN SAW AND HAMMER, AND IF YOU KNOW AN OBLIGING LUMBER YARD, YOU MIGHT BUILD A LITTLE HOUSE FOR YOUR OWN TROOP, AS THESE BUSY MICHIGAN GIRLS ARE HAVING SO MUCH FUN IN DOING



AILANTHUS, WILD CHERRY AND MAPLE TREES SHADE THE CABIN OF THE GIRL SCOUTS AT IOWA FALLS, IOWA

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

CHARLOTTE HUDSON of Watsonville, California has the honor of being named Star Reporter for April. Charlotte writes:

"Girl Scouts of Watsonville are justly proud of their recently acquired Little House, for it is fun to hold meetings in the oldest house of their vicinity, and to hear marvelous true tales that happened many years ago all around it.

"In the early days of California, the days of stagecoaches and bandits, this little adobe house played an important part. At that time, it stood on a big ranch some distance from Watsonville, and stagecoaches stopped there with mail, which brought the latest news about daring holdups, and what the ladies in San Francisco were wearing.

"To guard against bandits and robbers, the house was built with heavy doors, and walls three feet deep. It was then a grist mill, and some of the old stones, brought from Spain one hundred and fifty years ago, can still be seen.

"In the earthquake of 1906, the house was hit hard and crumbled to the ground, and it was in this state that it was sold to Dr. Saxton Pope, who had it moved in pieces to Watsonville and carefully restored. The original adobe and tile roof are still intact.

"When the news came that Mrs. Pope, now of San Francisco, had graciously lent her historic adobe as a home for Watsonville Girl Scouts, all of Scoutdom gleefully joined in blessing her, and holding spring house cleaning. Cobwebs were ruthlessly mowed down, windows and woodwork scrubbed and polished, drapes and couch covers stitched and put in place, wood gathered, and the bird pond filled.

"And now, when there are many more Girl Scouts than in that first group, they still love to come and clean house. They let themselves in with the big brass key, ducking their heads as they enter. And after the cleaning is done, they sit by the fire and are glad they are Girl Scouts and have a Little House."

THE EDITORS of THE AMERICAN GIRL have a project in mind which they hope will appeal to every Girl Scout troop. Here is their suggestion: the four pages in the middle of the magazine (the picture spread and these pages of Girl Scout news) belong particularly and specially to you, as you all know—so why not make it one of your activities to send the magazine an account of any interesting doings of your troop, and any good snapshots which you may have? We would specially like accounts of holiday celebrations, rallies, hikes, money-raising projects, Girl Scout Week doings, community service, patrol projects, ideas about Little Houses—in fact, anything which would prove helpful to other troops in planning their work and fun. If you will do this, you will help us to make your own pages more interesting and valuable to you and to all Girl Scouts; so keep the magazine in mind when something special happens in your troop.

A Patrol Garden

PORTLAND, MAINE: What shall we do this summer for a patrol project? I will tell you how our patrol settled this question last year, and what a great time we had doing it.

A patrol garden—yes, that is it! We planned the layout first in the shape of a circle, with a flagpole in the center, a path around it, and another path across the garden. Around the flagpole were set large conspicuous lilies, and around the edges were the small flowers such as nasturtiums and baby's breath. Other flowers were daisies, asters, marigolds, gladiolus, poppies, and many other varieties.

Two girls were appointed for weeding and watering, two for planting, and two to dig the garden—but as it turned out, all the girls were anxious to help at everything. The patrol leader put the flag up every morning and took it down in the evening because the garden was in her yard, but many of the girls were around to assist in this.

During the summer the girls were well repaid for their work as there were many beautiful blossoms to keep their homes cheer-

Own Little House

how to make their guests feel at home



THE LONGHORN TROOP OF DARR-ROUZETT, TEXAS BUILT THEIR LITTLE HOUSE OF RAILROAD TIES. THE PATH TO THE DOOR IS MADE OF PEBBLES BETWEEN TWO HEAVY TIES SUNK IN THE SAND

ful. Late in September, our leader was sick in the hospital and we presented her with a large bouquet, which she enjoyed very much.

Troop 2 M. JEANNETTE LIBBEY

A Rose Bush Sale

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY: The members of the Girl Scout Council sponsor an annual rose bush sale in Westfield. Two-year-old Grade "A" field-grown bushes are purchased from a nurseryman with an established reputation. The Scouts take the orders during the first week in April, and the Council members and Girl Scout leaders deliver the bushes all in one day, usually about the seventh of May. We do not make a house-to-house canvass, but sell only to our friends and families. There are two awards given to each troop—one to the girl who sells the most bushes, and the other to the girl who receives the most orders.

The profit from this sale is used to support our day camp, Camp Allenbrook.

We sell anywhere from seven to twelve hundred bushes. The largest number sold so far by one Girl Scout is seventy-five.

Troop 7 JEAN HARRISON

Aids to the Easter Bunny

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN: On the Saturday before Easter the Kiwanis Club holds its annual Easter Egg Hunt. Thousands of children gather at the City Hall and, headed by the High School band, march to the park where the eggs have been hidden. Among those eggs are several hundred colored ones on which the letter "K" is painted. A quarter is given to each child who finds a "K" egg.

The problem of painting the "K" on these eggs troubled the Kiwanis Club until the assistance of the Girl Scout Director was sought. For the past two years members of Troop Five have been responsible for the "K" eggs. This has been done as part of our community service work.

MARIAN EHRLINGER



THIS IS THE INTERIOR OF THE POLLY HARRIS CABIN SHOWN ABOVE. IT WAS GIVEN TO THE GIRL SCOUTS AS A MEMORIAL TO ONE OF THEIR COMRADES, AND NOW THE SCOUTS CALL POLLY'S FATHER "DADDY HARRIS"



MRS. FREDERICK F. PEABODY GAVE THIS CHARMING BUNGALOW TO THE GIRL SCOUTS OF SANTA BARBARA FOR A LITTLE HOUSE

THE GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS ON THE LAWN ABOVE ARE HOSTESSES FOR THE LITTLE HOUSE AT SALISBURY, CONNECTICUT

Photos courtesy of
Minerva Yarn Co.



CROCHETED MEXICAN BOLERO,
AND (LEFT) A NEW KNITTED
JACKET FOR THE AFTERNOON

LIKE the first gay robin, the bright new knitted and crocheted blouses are enchanting signs of spring. So get out your crochet hook and knitting needles and practice up your stitches, for this is a season of hand-knitted and crocheted wear. And here are four sure winners to carry you smartly through a season of school and sports.

Do you love to crochet? Then let your fingers fly in the easy stitches of this lacy crochet blouse. In scarlet, or Colonial blue, it will rejuvenate your spring suit now, and will be useful with a flannel skirt, for sports wear, all summer long. It is as soft as thistledown, and made of the finely spun yarn that you may have in a dozen different clear and vibrant colors this season.

Or perhaps you enjoy the fun of making something quite stunning out of almost nothing at all. You may be the girl with a yen for economy. If so, you will adore making this many-colored bolero from the odds and ends of yarn that you've been tucking away with an eye to future usefulness. The bolero pictured here is made of Shetland yarn in the warm Mexican colors that are all the rage now. Though you may use any colors you happen to have on hand, of course.

Do you prefer knitting? Consider, then, the tennis blouse shown here. It will flash across the court and bring color and dash to your game, especially if you decide to make it in one of the exciting new shades, such as "azalea red," "canary yellow," or "sprig green." For more dressy wear, it is also lovely in white. The yarn used in this model is a new crêpe yarn with a silken sheen. And the skirt worn with it is knitted to match.

On the other hand, if you're quite expert in the art of knitting, the afternoon blouse, buttoned up the front, coat fashion, is recommended. You'll find it refreshingly spring-like in chartreuse, a shade that is neither green nor yellow, but a lively blending of the two colors. Wear it in chartreuse to brighten up a brown ensemble; in canary yellow, Eleanor blue, foam green, or scarlet with a white or gay plaid skirt.

All the blouses pictured here were designed for sizes sixteen to eighteen years, which is a good average size to use, as knitted and crocheted garments should not be too snug. However, you can reduce or increase the size of your blouse by figuring the number of stitches to the inch, or using a smaller or larger needle.

In making these blouses your work should be done loosely enough to allow the stitches to slip easily on the needle. If you have a tendency to knit or crochet very tightly, use a half size larger hook or needle; and if you work loosely, use a half size smaller needle or hook. In this way your garment will come out according to the size mentioned.

The following abbreviations are used in the instructions that I am giving you:

K for knit; P for purl; Ch. for chain; S. C. for single crochet; D. C. for double crochet; Sl. St. for slip stitch; M. M. for millimeter; St. for stitch. When stars are used (**) they indicate that the work described between them is to be repeated.

Crocheted Diamond Pattern Blouse

Materials: 10 balls Colonial blue Vicuna Yarn. 1 M. M. No. 2½ crochet hook.

Scale: 3 inches to each diamond.

Crocheted Pattern: This blouse is crocheted in one piece, starting at the diamond pattern at the bottom of the front and working up the front and down the back. Waistband, sleevebands and neck edge are then added.

Front: Ch. 135 sts.

Row 1—1 D. C. in 4th Ch., 1 D. C. in next Ch., * Ch. 4, skip 3 Ch., 1 S. C. in next Ch., Ch. 4, skip 3 Ch., 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 Ch. Repeat from * 10 times across row, ending with Ch. 4, skip 3 Ch., 1 S. C. in next Ch., Ch. 4, skip 3 Ch., 1 D. C. in each of the last 2 Ch., Ch. 3, turn.

Row 2—1 D. C. in each of the first 2 D. C., 3 D. C. in next mesh, * Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 3 D. C. in next mesh, 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., 3 D. C. in

All Yours

*Short-sleeved or
ideal for spring,*

next mesh, repeat from * across row, ending with Ch. 4, 4 D. C. in last mesh, 1 D. C. in Ch. at start of last row. Ch. 5, turn.

Row 3—Skip first D. C., * 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., 3 D. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 3 D. C. in next mesh, 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., Ch. 2, skip 2 D. C., repeat from * across row, ending with Ch. 1, skip 1 st., 1 D. C. in Ch. of previous row, Ch. 3, turn.

Row 4—1 D. C. in Ch. 1, * 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, skip 3 D. C., 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., 2 D. C. in Ch. 2, repeat from * across row, ending with Ch. 4, 1 D. C. in each of the last 4 D. C., and 2 D. C. in Ch., Ch. 3, turn.

Row 5—1 D. C. in 2nd D. C., * Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 4 D. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, skip 3 D. C., 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., repeat from * across row, ending with Ch. 4, skip 3 D. C., 1 D. C. in each of the last 2 D. C., 1 D. C. in Ch. 3. Ch. 4, turn. (This row ends first diamond and starts the next diamond between each previous diamond.)

Row 6—1 S. C. in first mesh, Ch. 4, 3 D. C. in mesh, 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., 3 D. C. in next mesh, then repeat from * of Row 2, ending with 1 S. C. in last mesh, Ch. 4, 1 D. C. in Ch., Ch. 4, turn.

Row 7—* 3 D. C. in next mesh, 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., Ch. 2, skip 2 D. C., 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., 3 D. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, then repeat from *, ending with Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in last mesh, Ch. 5, turn.

Row 8—1 S. C. in first mesh, Ch. 4, skip 3 D. C., 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., 2 D. C. in Ch. 2, then repeat from * of Row 4, ending with Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in last mesh, Ch. 4, 1 D. C. in same mesh, Ch. 3, turn.

Row 9—1 D. C. in first mesh, * Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, skip 3 D. C., 1 D. C. in each of the next 4 D. C., Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, Ch. 4, 4 D. C. in next mesh, then repeat from *, ending with Ch. 4, 2 D. C. in last mesh.

Repeat pattern from Row 2 until there are 24 rows from start.

Now add a chain of 11 sts. at right side and a chain of 9 sts. at left side for sleeves. Work half a pattern more at each side for 8 more rows (32 rows from start).

On 33rd row start V neck as follows: Work across 3½ diamonds to last D. C. of pattern, then omit Ch. 4, and work 1 D. C. in last D. C. of previous row. Ch. 3, turn and continue pattern to sleeve edge. Turn in this manner at neck end 2 more times (4 rows), then work pattern even at neck end for 15 rows. Work other side to correspond, then Ch. 42 sts. for center back.

for the Making

By ANNA COYLE

sleeveless sweaters, quick and easy to make

Join to other side and continue pattern to correspond with front, leaving off the $\frac{1}{2}$ pattern at underarm that was added for the sleeve. Sew underarm seams.

Waistband—Ch. 36, slip st. in each Ch., Ch. 1 to turn, slip st. in back loop of each st. for 25 inches (without stretching).

Sew to blouse with opening at left underarm seam. Crochet 3 loops and sew buttons in place.

Sleevebands—Ch. 8 sts. and work in same manner as waistband for 10 inches. Sew to sleeves.

Neck Edge—Attach yarn *Ch. 4, 1 S. C. in next mesh, repeat from * around neck, then work 3 S. C. in each mesh.

Crocheted Mexican Bolero

Materials: 1 ball Spanish Tile Shetland Floss, 1 ball Wood Brown Shetland Floss, 1 ball Chartreuse Shetland Floss, and 2 balls Light Eggshell Shetland Floss. 1 M. M. No. 4 Afghan Hook.

Scale: 6 stitches to one inch.

Crocheted Pattern: The Mexican Bolero is made in four pieces—back, right and left fronts, and belt—joined when finished.

Back—With Eggshell yarn Ch. 85, skip first Ch., then draw up a loop in each Ch., leaving all loops on hook (85 loops on hook), take sts. off as follows: Yarn over needle, through 1 loop, * yarn over needle through 2 loops, repeat from * across row. (Over and back counts as 1 row.)

Draw Spanish Tile through loop on hook, then insert hook in first space between first and second sts. of previous row, continue to draw up a loop in each space between sts. across row (85 sts.) and take off as before. On next row insert hook in second space (between second and third sts. of previous row) then continue to pick up loops in each space across row, picking up 1 extra loop in last st. to keep edge even (85 sts. on hook). Take off as before. Draw Eggshell through loop on hook and work 2 rows as before, then 2 rows Chartreuse, 2 rows Eggshell, 1 row Wood Brown, 2 rows Eggshell, 2 rows Chartreuse, 2 rows Eggshell, then repeat striping from Spanish Tile throughout. When work measures 6 inches, start armhole.

Slip st. across 4 spaces, and omit 4 loops in last 4 spaces (77 loops on hook). Now start in second space and omit last loop in each of the next 5 rows (67 sts. remaining). Work even until armhole measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, break yarn.

Right Front—With Eggshell Ch. 45, work 1 row, then continue stripes to match back, work same length to underarm. On next row omit last 7 loops, then omit 1 loop at end of each of the next 5 rows (33 loops remaining). Now work even at armhole and

decrease 1 st. at front edge (by starting each row in second space) until 21 loops remain, then work even until armhole measures 9 inches. Work left front to correspond, join fronts to back with an overcast st. at shoulder and sew underarm seams.

Belt—With Spanish Tile Ch. 31 inches (or desired waist measure allowing 2 inches for overlap). Work in striping to match back for 9 rows, break yarn. With Eggshell work 2 rows of S. C. around belt and sew to bolero across back, then with Eggshell work 3 rows of S. C. around edge of bolero and armholes.

Knitted Tennis Blouse

Materials: 5 balls Silver Crêpe Yarn. 1 pr. No. 1 Steel Needles—12 inch. 1 pr. M. M. No. 4 Needles—14 inch. 1 No. 2 Steel Crochet Hook.

Scale: 6 stitches to one inch.

Knitted Pattern: Starting with the four-inch band of ribbing at the bottom, the back is first knitted, then the front. The two are joined at the shoulders, armhole bands are added, the underarm seams joined, and lastly the neck is finished in single crochet.

Back—With No. 1 Steel Needles cast on 100 sts., K. 2 sts., P. 2 sts. (ribbing), for 4 inches. Change to No. 4 Needles and work in pattern as follows. (Pattern is worked on a multiple of 3 sts. and 1 over.) It is desirable to cast on 10 sts. and try sample before starting blouse.

Row 1—K. 1, * yarn over, K. 3, pass first st. of the K. 3 over the last 2 (leaving 2 sts. on needle), repeat from * across row.

Row 2—Purl.

Row 3—* K. 3, pass first st. over last 2 sts., yarn over, repeat from * ending row K. 1.

Row 4—Purl.

Repeat these 4 rows for 9 inches. Bind off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then K. 2 sts. together at the beginning and end of every K. row 8 times. Work even until armhole measures 7 inches. Bind off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Bind off remaining sts. for back of neck.

Front—Cast on 112 sts. and work same as back until work measures 14 inches from start, then decrease for armhole same as back (84 sts. on needle). Now work 42 sts., put these on a stitch holder. On the remaining 42 sts. work right front, working even at front edge. When armhole measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, bind off 12 sts. at neck edge, then 5 sts. 2 times, at the same time binding off slanting shoulder same as back. Work left front to correspond. Sew shoulder seams.

Armhole Band—With No. 1 Needles pick up 20 sts. (10 sts. each side of shoulder seam), K. 2 sts., P. 2 sts., picking up 4 sts. at end of every row until all sts. are picked up (78 sts.), bind (Continued on page 50)



SLEEVELESS KNITTED TENNIS BLOUSE;
CROCHETED DIAMOND PATTERN BLOUSE

Lost River

(Continued from page 22)

made as if to throw it into the shrubbery.

"Don't!" Hedda grabbed for it. "We may need that before we get home!"

Ellen, too, was beginning to have doubts about how this adventure would end.

Another hour of vain searching for traces of a trail, and the girls became certain that they were wandering in circles. Again gazing overhead for a hazy idea of the sun's location so that she could use her watch to get direction in good Girl Scout manner, Ellen still found nothing but heavy clouds, while Hedda, peering at the moss on a big tree, shook her blond head sadly.

"South couldn't be in all directions, could it?" she asked.

Pulling in the belt of her riding breeches, Ellen pointed toward a promontory. And thirty minutes later, perspiring freely from the long grind, the girls reached the top of the rise—to see nothing. Hedda slumped to the ground to get her breath, but Ellen jumped for the lowest branch of a tall hemlock.

"I'll sight something from the top of this!" she said grimly, shinnying up until she could use the branches as ladder rungs.

"The way I feel," grunted Hedda, "I couldn't climb to the top of a blade of grass."

With a trace of anxiety in her eyes, Ellen, careless of damage to her sweater, scrambled down the hemlock's thick trunk and shook her tired companion.

"Couldn't see a thing but more mountains, so we've got to keep moving. We'll go back down the hill and follow that ravine-like trail. It must go *somewhere*."

Hedda rose laboriously to her feet. "Just don't let it climb any hills," she begged. "My feet are killing me!"

Like the track of a cow, the ravine-like section meandered. But Ellen knew that, so long as they stuck to this trail, they would not double back on themselves. By fifteen minutes past two o'clock they obviously had got nowhere, and Hedda disconsolately plumped herself down on a mound of moss.

"Tell my family I died like a hero, with my boots on," she said with a pseudo-dramatic wave of her hand. "Because my feet were too swollen to get 'em off!"

In spite of mounting anxiety over the seriousness of their predicament, Ellen was forced to laugh. Hedda looked so forlorn! And Ellen's laugh, releasing a growing weight inside, changed her entire mental outlook.

"I guess there's no use walking aimlessly," she declared, dropping into place beside her companion and stretching her own booted legs to ease long-tired muscles. "So let's sit and think."

"I'll just sit," murmured Hedda.

Ellen remembered Roger Harrison's suggestion that the boys should stay put in one place if they found themselves really lost. But Roger Harrison also had told the boys to signal intermittently with the pistol. Well—she and Hedda could stay put, but they could not shoot off any pistol.

"We might build a fire," she said, thinking aloud.

"Don't bother to cremate me," mumbled Hedda. "Leave my body for the wolves."

"I was thinking about a signal fire, you crackbrain!"

Ellen's alert brown eyes unconsciously ranged over the surroundings out of mere habit. Automatically her eyes focused on a curious mound of boulders, and without disturbing Hedda she rose and walked toward the rocks.

"Here's a cave you can crawl into to die!"

"Don't bother me," retorted Hedda without looking up, "unless there's a cafeteria inside."

But Ellen was tugging at her companion's arms and pulling her to her feet.

another small hole, Hedda came to a halt.

"We've come pretty far," she protested. "I'm not so sure we ought to go through any more of these rat holes."

"Oh, let's go far enough to find out what those noises are," urged Ellen.

"They only sound to me like somebody taking a bath."

Crouching, Ellen passed through the hole. Those sounds were very distinct. They did seem like someone splashing in a tub.

Then her flash-light beam fell on—running water!

Fascinated, Ellen stood in the darkness gazing at a small stream that flowed by her feet. And into her mind flashed an idea, at the same moment it flashed into Hedda's—an idea exciting, unbelievable.

"Lost River!" they cried in unison.

This was—it must be—the White River's legendary branch that had disappeared generations ago. By some queer quirk of nature it had taken this underground path.

Ellen's lips twisted in a triumphant smile.

"We've done it!" she declared exultantly. "The boys were always too snooty to listen, but Roger Harrison told me that for fifty years the Vermont Historical Society has been offering one hundred dollars for information about this river and—a special gold medal for finding it!"

"You mean we're—the first white people ever to see it?" asked Hedda incredulously. When her companion nodded, she slipped off her riding boots and socks. "Now I'm glad the boys lost us! Feet—meet our hundred-dollar river!"

Alongside the running stream the girls made their way for five hundred yards and more. At a jutting rock which the flash-light picked out of the stygian black,

they clung desperately to two slight handholds to swing around the obstruction. Finally, the swirling stream dived into a cavity just large enough to carry it off into the depths of the earth. And another shaft, sloping upward, confronted the explorers.

Ellen watched the dancing water foam and vanish. All the thrill of adventure in distant parts of the world had been crowded into this last hour. She had discovered Lost River!

"But it's lost again," put in Hedda unromantically. "Just like us!"

Rapt in her discovery, Ellen had had no thought for their real situation. Now empty stomach, tired legs, and the prospect of spending a cold night in the woods forced themselves into prominence.

"Let's try to get up above ground this way," she said, moving quickly toward the new shaft.

There were no "worm" or "rat" holes in this "coal chute." Nor was there, when the pair had walked what seemed an interminable distance, any opening to the surface of the earth. The shaft merely came to an end. Blankly the girls stared.

"Put the flash (Continued on page 45)

Cover Contest News

ONE hundred and seventy titles for the February cover have been received. The winning title is "Love's Labour Lost." This was submitted by nine girls, so we have awarded the prize to the one who first sent it in—Ruth Conzelman of Detroit, Michigan. Ruth will receive a book as a prize.

So many good titles were sent in this month that it was difficult to make a choice. Among them were: "Nipped in the Bud," "Beauty and the Beast," "Horse Sense," "From Hand to Mouth," "The Bridle Bouquet," "Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye Neigh," and "When Knighthood Lost Its Flowers."

If you think of a good title for this issue's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than April fifteenth.

"I think it's an old Indian copper mine shaft. Let's explore it, and forget we're hungry and lost."

Reluctantly Hedda followed her into the cave, where a shaft, which clearly was no copper mine shaft, slanted downward. It was large enough for the girls to stand in.

"Like a coal chute," observed Hedda. "And just as dark—ouch! Break out that flash-light!"

Ellen's beam picked out Hedda's slender hand rubbing a forehead bruised against an overhead projection, but her friend motioned her to go ahead. Well inside the eerie darkness of the shaft, they heard faint sounds, and they felt the thrill of exploration. Here was something to tell about when they got back to the Lodge. Then the "coal chute" abruptly narrowed, and Ellen let the light flash into a small opening.

"It's bigger beyond this spot," she said over her shoulder. "I think we can wriggle through this—this wormhole, all right."

Ellen saw with satisfaction that Hedda no longer had her mind on physical miseries. She wriggled enthusiastically through the "wormhole," and plunged down the slanting shaft, which grew wide again. But at

"IT WAS EASY TO GET MY EQUIPMENT FREE!"



Dorothea Halloran
(SECOND CLASS SCOUT, TROOP #10, HOBOKEN, N.J.)

*used the Libby
Thrift Plan...*

*It will
work just
as well
for you...*

● You would like Dorothea. She's getting a lot out of her Scouting. Already she has thirteen proficiency badges, is patrol leader in her troop, and is about to receive her five-year service stripe, and a "Five-Year Service Pin" from her troop band. Like thousands of other really active Girl Scouts, Dorothea is enthusiastic over the Libby Scout Plan. She's won her complete uniform and other articles with this simple plan. She found it was easy — so will you when you start to use the plan.

Here's the plan. Just pick out of the official catalog the pieces of equipment you want. Save a certain number of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk. Send them to us and you get your equipment

right away without any expense.

And here's why you have no trouble getting labels. So many women use Libby's Milk every day. They prefer the Libby brand because of its extra rich quality, purity, and economy.

Any woman who uses this milk is happy to save labels for a Girl Scout who is getting her equipment.

Lots of your mother's friends will go to work for you right away.

Start the Libby Thrift Plan now. See how fast it works. Mail us the coupon today. We'll show you how to get any equipment you need. Also, we'll send you, free, a certificate worth ten tall Libby Milk labels. That will start you off with a bang. Fill in the coupon. Mail it now. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Dept. AG-25, Welfare Bldg., Chicago, Illinois
Please show me how to get my Girl Scout equipment without cost.



Your name.....City.....

Address.....State.....

Grocer's name.....





IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

FRANCE CLEANS HOUSE

For a long time after the depression hit most nations, France was the world's economic wonder. The slump had virtually no effect on her prosperity. Many Frenchmen began to say, "Nothing can pull us down."

They were wrong. In the middle of 1931, France began to fall victim to the ills from which her sister nations had been suffering. She began to worry about unemployment, an unbalanced budget, drastic taxes,



a falling off in trade, and the maintenance of her gold standard.

To add to the general discontent, many Frenchmen began to doubt the honesty of their Government officials and their law courts. Then, last January, the Stavisky scandal flicked a spark into dry powder.

Alexandre Stavisky's father, a dentist, brought him to France from Russia when he was fourteen. At twenty-six, Alexandre began a career of fraud and forgery which culminated in his embezzling more than four million francs. Broken by the disgrace, his father shot himself. Alexandre was imprisoned, but was let out on bail, through a plea of ill health. That was in 1926. He stayed a free man till his death on January 8, 1934. His trial had been postponed, on one pretext or another, nineteen times.

It was while he was enjoying this strange freedom, and living in luxury, that he engineered the thirty-one-million-dollar swindle that involved the municipal pawnshop of Bayonne, France.

A majority of the French public was convinced that high Government officials had shut their eyes to Stavisky's dishonesty, and had pocketed some of the money his crookedness brought him. Early last February, mobs, denouncing the Chamber of Deputies, rioted in the streets of Paris, and threw up barricades when the police tried to disperse them.

It was not till Edouard Daladier resigned as premier, and seventy-year-old Gaston Doumergue took his place, that public anger subsided. Doumergue is a former president of France. Recalled from private life to serve in a crisis, he handled a ticklish situation with the common sense he is noted for. He has been called "the man in the street on a heroic scale."

COMING: NEW EYES

Before many years have passed, we shall be able to look further into starry space, it seems likely, and deeper into the mysteries of infinitesimal things than would have seemed possible a generation ago. A new telescope and a new microscope are promised us.

Five years ago, the International Education Board made a grant of six million dollars for the construction of a two-hundred-inch reflecting telescope. Since that gift, the designers of the instrument have pitted their brains against a series of puzzles. The problem centered in the making of the seventeen-foot mirror which, in that type of telescope, catches and concentrates the light from heavenly bodies. It was a case of perfection—or nothing.

At last, victory seems in sight. The mirror, twice as large as any now existing, and four times as powerful, will probably be cooling in its mold, a ten-month process, when you read these words. The instrument, when finished, will be set up at some site as yet unrevealed, in Southern California.

The new microscope has been developed in the RCA-Victor Company's laboratories by a research engineer, Dr. Vladimir Zworykin. It will look at minute objects through a supersensitive "electrical eye," so it is said, and enable scientists to see things beyond the range of the most powerful microscopes now in use. Bad news for germs as yet undiscovered!

THAT DENT IN THE DOLLAR

What is President Roosevelt trying to do with our present American dollars, from which approximately forty-one per cent of the gold value has been sheared.

The answer is that he wants, most of



all, to raise the prices of commodities such as wheat and cotton.

President Roosevelt is also hoping for a gradual fall in the value of dollars spent within the United States—which would mean a rise in prices. This, he believes, will so stimulate business that we won't feel the pinch of higher living costs, simply because more people will be steadily employed, at higher wages.

GIVING AIR LINES THE AIR

While charges and countercharges flew thick and fast in the controversy over Postmaster General Farley's cancellation of air-mail contracts, tragedy struck swiftly. Many army pilots, battling bad weather, and lacking experience in the specialized and hazardous business of carrying the mails, lost their lives.

The nation was shocked. With grief was mingled the fear in the minds of many that the commercial air lines, whose contracts had been annulled, had received a death blow.

Such fears proved unfounded. The companies announced that they were planning



to keep right on flying. This in spite of the fact that more than half their income had been stripped from them at one stroke, because the Government claimed that all the lines, with the exception of one, had obtained their contracts by "fraud and collusion."

Some of the commercial mail-carriers have had to curtail their service, put half their employees on furlough, and cut the salaries of the rest by as much as fifty per cent. But, after Uncle Sam had taken action, all were hoping to meet expenses by transporting passengers and express.

America has been proud of its commercial air transport system. Many people are hoping that a way can be found to restore the lost contracts to the companies that can show clean hands.

MOTHER OF OUR PRESIDENT

When Mother's Day comes again, this spring, some of us will think of one of the nation's proudest mothers—Mrs. James Roosevelt.

She is an extraordinary woman. At seventy-nine, she is almost as alert, as eager, as energetic as a girl. She takes long motor trips, entertains frequently, reads the latest books. Up to the time when her mail reached almost the volume of a movie star's, she insisted on writing all her own letters. She has made frequent resolutions—so she has said—to take life more easily, and has always broken them.

Her name before she married was Sara Delano. The men of the Delano family were sea captains and merchants for the most

part. So it was rather a break with family traditions when Franklin Delano Roosevelt chose not to follow the sea.

Mrs. Roosevelt never pictured her only child as President, before the campaign to put him in the White House was started. Such an idea, she has stated, just never came into her mind.

CYCLONE CENTER

While Austria's civil war was taking its toll of lives, the Nazis in Germany and Austria lay low. They were hoping that the conflict would bring about the union between Austria and Germany for which they had so long been waiting.

When the struggle ended without delivering Austria into Germany's hands, the Nazis began again their attempts at "peaceful penetration." They wanted to turn Austria against her dynamic little chancellor, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, determined foe of Hitlerism.

There are many reasons why Germany turns longing eyes toward her southeastern neighbor. By annexation, she would gain deposits of iron ore, would increase her population from sixty-five to seventy-two millions, and win new markets for her goods. Adolf Hitler was born in Braunau in Austria, and is eager to see his homeland added to the nation he dominates.

Great Britain, France, and Italy have warned Germany to keep her hands off Austria. Such conflicting national aims make Dollfuss's little country the bait that might lure Europe into war.

FAME BUT NOT MUCH FUN

For Leopold III, the new King of the Belgians, life has been solemn. From childhood he has been rigidly trained for the work of governing.

He became the Belgians' fourth ruler after his father, Albert I—spearhead of his country's heroic resistance during the World War—had fallen to his death while trying to climb a rocky peak.

Leopold is thirty-two years old—Europe's youngest king. When he was only thirteen, his father let him enlist as a private. He served throughout the War.

Entering the University of Ghent, he spe-



cialized in such knotty subjects as economics, law, and foreign policy. Later, he served in the Belgian senate.

In 1926 he married Princess Astrid of Sweden after a romantic courtship. To keep his visits secret, he used to make trips to Sweden in a third-class railroad carriage, carrying his own hand bags. Always, he'd walk from the station to the Princess's home. People took him for a new butler!

No lover of dull routine, he once declared that, if he weren't destined to rule, he'd like to be the captain of a tramp steamer journeying to far places.

TREAT YOURSELF TO

Crispness!



DOROTHY LEE
Popular RKO Star. See her
in her new picture with
Wheeler and Woolsey.

Are you tired of winter and hot, heavy foods? Keep pace with spring! Try Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast tomorrow. Crisp, light, delicious. Just the thing to bring your winter-weary appetite out of its den. One taste and you'll be "hungry as a bear."

For bright eyes and a clear complexion, eat sensibly—crisp, refreshing, nourishing foods like Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Good at lunch-time. And wonderful for an after-school snack. They're full of energy, and so easy to digest!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are ready-to-eat. No cooking. No pots and pans to wash. Just pour a heaping bowlful from the easy-open package, add milk or cream, and treat yourself to crispness! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's

FOR CRISPNESS



Make Your Own Uniform

THE Official Girl Scout Uniform! What a thrilling achievement to make it yourself! And what fun, if two or three should agree to work together—or, if this should be chosen as a troop project, for then one could help the other in true Girl Scout fashion.

The first thing is to order pattern A921 (35c) from the Girl Scout Shop, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Be sure to state your bust measure, and to include your Girl Scout identification: either your registration card or an order signed by your Leader, as Girl Scout materials and patterns can be sold only to registered Girl Scouts. The Girl Scout Shop has also the right kind of materials, made up into sets for you, according to your yardage requirement, and including seven buttons, a spool of Girl Scout thread, two embroidered "G. S." letters for the corners of the collar, and the pattern. The complete set, in standard sizes, costs \$2.25 for the Thrift Cloth, and \$3.00 for the Sanforized, Girl Scout Cloth. Isn't that a saving?

It is really not difficult to make the uniform, but to retain crisp trimness, each step should be taken with care and precision.

Your first step will be to test the pattern. Lay out the pieces, and compare them with the chart at the top of the Deltor. Keep this Deltor open before you, and follow it closely throughout the work. Pin the pieces together, matching notches and placing pins exactly $\frac{3}{4}$ inch from the edge. Be sure to pin in the tucks at the shoulders, and turn up the hem as indicated.

The test should be made on the right side of the figure. Standing before the mirror, note whether the pattern reaches exactly center front and center back. Should the pattern seem too long or too short, make necessary alterations, as shown in Deltor, in the pattern itself, not in the garment. This test will not only ensure correct fitting, but will provide preliminary practice for you in assembling the separate pieces of your uniform. Remove the pattern very carefully so the tissue does not tear. Remove the pins, and fold pieces in their original creases.

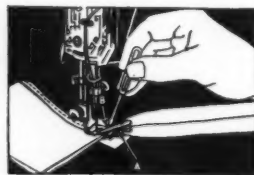
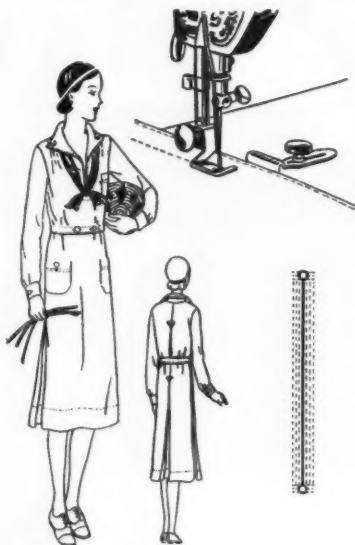
Next, open up your material and press it so that no slightest wrinkle will interfere with your accurate cutting. Straighten one end of the fabric by pulling a thread and cutting on the pulled thread line. Fold your material lengthwise, right sides together, selvages even.

Select the Layout, shown on Deltor, that corresponds to your size, and fold the Deltor so that the Layout for your particular size, alone, is visible. Pin pattern pieces on fabric exactly as shown in your Layout, using plenty of pins to hold pattern accurately to position on the cloth. Be sure that the grain is true both at top and bottom by measuring from the straight edge in to the first and last of the group of three large perforations.

Take long strokes with the shears, placing one hand down on the material and keeping the shears on the table while cutting. Never lift the fabric from the table as you cut.

Cut the notches with points extending

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY



FRONT AND BACK OF UNIFORM; HOW TO USE THE CLOTH GUIDE; A STITCHED BUTTONHOLE; HOW TO USE THE BINDER

out instead of into the seam to prevent your uniform pulling out at these points, when worn. Mark the perforations with tailor's tacks just like the example in Deltor. Before removing the front and back pieces of the pattern, run a long basting stitch, in contrasting color, along the fold, marking the center front and center back lines. These serve as guides, in fitting, and should remain in place until the uniform is finished.

Turn Deltor to other side and follow step by step, exactly as outlined, reading carefully and comparing your work with the illustrations shown.

When making the inverted plait down the back, first pin, then baste. Handle the material lightly, making and lifting the creases with the finger tips only.

EXAMINE your sewing machine carefully before attempting to stitch. It is impossible to make straight, even seams if your needle is the least bit bent or dull. To ensure good work, use a new, size 14 needle, placing it exactly as shown in your instruction book. Wind a fresh, smooth bobbin from the same spool of thread you are using on top. Wind the bobbin slowly and carefully and only half full. Test the stitch for length and tension on a piece of doubled material—4 inches by 5 inches in size. You should be able to stitch

straight down the center of this material without wavering, if your adjustments are right.

First, stitch the tucks you have basted in the front. Then, stitch the inverted plait at back. Beginning at the neck line, stitch along the very edge of the fold as far as the first large perforation. Pivoting on your needle, stitch straight across to the first perforation; pivoting again, slant down to the center perforation; pivoting again, up to the second perforation, then, across to the fold and straight back, on the edge of the fold, up to the neck. This will form a definite arrow. The same process is repeated from the natural waistline down to the second triple perforations, as shown in the back view of the uniform.

Next, assemble the uniform as shown in Steps 3 and 4 of the Deltor, pressing each part as you go. Your iron is as important as your needle.

USE the Binder on your sewing machine when binding the seams. This makes basting unnecessary. Get Number 5 or $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Bias Binding in matching color. Cut the end of the Binding to a long point toward the left. Insert the pointed end in the outside slot of the scroll, as shown, and pull the binding through under the Binder before starting to sew. The edges to be bound should be held well within the center of the scroll. The stitching should be close to the edge, top and bottom. Try binding a double piece of your material first, as a test. If any adjustment is necessary, loosen the small screw, as shown in illustration, and move scroll to the right to stitch closer to the edge, and to the left, to bring the stitching in from the edge, or to catch both edges.

When making the bar tack across top of side plaits, slip the finger tips of left hand under fold to prevent needle reaching the side plait section.

Follow Steps 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 exactly as pictured in the Deltor. Aim toward tailored precision when placing the double rows of stitching on collar, facing, vestee, pockets and belt, using your Cloth Guide for this purpose. Fasten the Cloth Guide to the bed of your sewing machine with the thumb-screw as shown in the illustration. Have the wall of the Guide against the Presser Foot when stitching on the edge. Release the screw and move the Guide back $\frac{1}{4}$ inch for the second row of stitching, keeping the edge of the work even with the wall of the Guide. Press after each operation.

When making the buttonholes, first machine stitch about three closely placed rows along the line to be followed, then slash and buttonhole with close, even stitches, carefully guiding the direction of your stitches so as to form a firm, straight ridge of knots along the edge.

Finally, turn back and baste the raw edges of Girl Scout lapel tabs. Pin them carefully into place on each side of the collar, baste and slip stitch. Press.

Now, you are ready to remove all basting, give the uniform a final pressing and step out proudly in your first, self-made, Official Girl Scout Uniform!

The Young Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

your mother may not know all the friends you have invited. We said earlier in this article that she is the official hostess. So, of course, she must be dressed and ready to stand with you at the door to welcome your friends as they arrive. Those she doesn't know, you introduce to her in this simple manner. Just say: "Mother, this is Mary Brown." That's easy, isn't it? Don't get it backward, though. You must not say: "Mary, this is my mother." For that form is considered incorrect, in fact even discourteous to your mother, since she is the older person and her name should therefore be spoken first. Besides it leaves the introduction unfinished, for Mother still hasn't been told Mary's last name. You are right back where you started, and so you have to go on in a parrot-like manner and say: "Mary, this is my mother; Mother, this is Mary Brown." Always say the name of an older woman before you say that of the younger person who is being introduced to her. And always say the name of a girl before you say the name of a boy who is being introduced to the girl. It is: "Miss Stuart, may I introduce Mr. Atwater?" Never: "Mr. Atwater, may I introduce Miss Stuart?" Think of it as though you were asking the girl's permission to present the boy to her, which is exactly what you are doing.

HERE is another mistake many experienced hostesses make. When a stranger arrives, the hostess drags him through a large roomful of people introducing him to each one in turn. This usually proves very uncomfortable for the stranger and is dull for everyone.

What do you think she should have done instead? Don't you think it would have been far pleasanter and more natural to introduce him to one or two persons who happened to be standing near him upon his arrival? Of course, the hostess should help out, too, by saying something about the newcomer, and giving him a hint about the people to whom she has just introduced him. She might say, for instance, "Mr. Greenleaf" (if that was his name), "lives in Texas and is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Forrest." That might start things going, for someone would ask: "What part of Texas?" or would inquire about Mrs. Forrest, or how long he intended to stay.

This method of introducing a stranger to a large group of people is the very nicest way and is worth practicing. You may think it hard at first, especially if you have many guests at your party. You will probably forget who has been introduced, and who hasn't and you may miss some. That doesn't really matter, however, for when people are guests under one roof, they don't need to wait to be introduced. They are supposed to talk to each other, anyway.

Several of you have asked me whether it is better to have games planned in advance, or just to let guests play whatever they feel like playing. It is perfectly fine, of course, when the entertainment is really spontaneous. But that kind of evening only happens now and then. It is safer to have something to suggest in case your guests don't seem to think of anything right off. We will take up the subject of games in a later article.

Earn Your Dressmaker Badge and Wear It on Your New Uniform Made by Yourself



DRESSMAKER

4. Select the material, cut out, and make any of the following agreed upon with the examiner:

- a. A garment for a baby or a little child.
- b. A smock or blouse.
- c. A simple wash dress.

And it's so easy to make the uniform, as the Deltor takes you step by step so there is no chance of making a mistake—just follow the directions *carefully*.

The make-up set simplifies the purchase of the materials as all necessary accessories are included. Each packet contains sufficient material for the size ordered, a pattern, thread, buttons and, for the Girl Scout, embroidered lapels. For the leader, a white piqué lapel facing is included. Be sure to state the size required when ordering.

For Girl Scouts:

- A-901. Official Sanforized Material.
Sizes 10-16, 36-44.....\$3.00
- A-903. Tropical Weight Sanforized Material (To be used only in Regions V, VI and IX and certain sections of California)\$2.00
- A-908. Thrift Uniform Material 2.25

For Leaders:

- C-901. Official Sanforized Material.
Sizes 34-44.....\$4.50
- C-902. Wool Cloth, Pre-shrunk.
Sizes 34-38.....\$13.50
- Wool Cloth, Pre-shrunk.
Sizes 40-4415.00

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE
570 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.



SPRING—and gardens and birds and trees and flowers! No matter in what part of the country you live, this is a season when the out-of-doors has new and fresh magic. It is the time, too, when books with the outdoors in them fit into our mood.

So the books I shall tell you about this month belong with spring and gardens and the outdoors. There are many fine stories in which the authors give us a new appreciation of the world of Nature, as well as interesting plot. It is interesting to find them. One such book that you will especially like is *Green Mansions* by W. H. Hudson (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.00). It is the story of a lovely, mysterious girl of the forests of South America, and of a young naturalist's tragic love for her. This is one of the most exquisite stories I have ever read, with a lovely thread of mystery in it. Who was this young girl? Where did she vanish, so quickly, so bafflingly? And woven into the story are descriptions of her jungle home that are poetic and beautiful.

W. H. Hudson loved the outdoors from the time he was a boy in South America; and because, too, he was a gifted writer, he has given us some of the loveliest outdoor books ever published. Other of his books are: *Far Away and Long Ago* (E. P. Dutton and Company, \$2.00), the true story of Hudson's own boyhood in South America; *Adventures Among the Birds* (E. P. Dutton and Company, \$2.50); and *Little Boy Lost* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.25), the story of a little boy who loses himself in the South American wilds and explores for himself.

Have you decided what poetry book you are going to have with you this summer? *Mirror of Youth, An Anthology of Youth and the Out-of-Doors*, edited by Marian King (Longmans, Green and Company, \$1.75), has many lovely outdoor poems in it, as also has *This Singing World*, edited by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$2.50), about which I told you in January.

Especially for Gardeners

For our youngest Girl Scouts, who are starting out on their first gardens, and for our Brownies as well, *Beginning to Garden* by Helen Page Wodell (The Macmillan Company, \$1.75) will be of great help. Every chapter is filled with concrete suggestions, such as: Choosing a Garden; Nine Ways to Have a Garden; The Garden on Paper (how and why to draw a plan, how to buy seeds, etc.); Tools, Soil and Feeding; The Vegetable Garden—what to plant

By HELEN FERRIS

and why; Sowing, Growing and Tending Vegetables; Flowers for the Year; Garden Things a Girl Can Make; Garden Clubs; Arranging Flowers—and other important garden subjects.

It is a good idea, too, to have a reliable garden reference book to consult as you go along, whether you are a garden beginner, or a more experienced one. *Modern Guide to Successful Gardening* by M. G. Kains (Greenberg, Publisher, \$2.50) was written for this very purpose. Mr. Kains is one of our garden authorities, a man of practical, as well as scientific, experience. It is said that he himself has grown everything that will grow in the United States. In this book, he takes up a wide range of garden subjects including: Annual flowers; Window box gardens; Rock gardens; Perennial flowers; Shrubs; Bird-attracting plantings; Vegetable garden planning—and so on.

I myself belong to an enthusiastic gardening family, and the minute I saw *Garden Flowers in Color* by G. A. Stevens (The Macmillan Company, \$3.75), I said, "Why didn't someone think of doing a book like this before?" For it is just the kind every flower gardener needs, a picture cyclopedia of flowers. In it are accurate pictures, in full color, of every important garden plant, as well as such important information as how high the flower grows; when it blooms; whether to plant it in the sun or shade; and so on. I recommend *Garden Flowers in Color* (with its flowers arranged alphabetically by their best known names—no Latin!) as one of the most attractive and really useful garden flower books I have seen.

Real bird songs for your own victrola

These records were made in the fields and woods. You can get them with that splendid new book

Songs of Wild Birds

by ALBERT R. BRAND
(Thomas Nelson and Sons, \$2.00)

The book tells you about bird songs, and how these songs were recorded. In a pocket are the records themselves. Just the thing for your Girl Scout Camp and Troop Room

(Recommended by Doctor Cady)

Your Special Outdoor Friend

I know that many of you are already acquainted with our own Girl Scout Naturalist, Bertha Chapman Cady—and how I wish every one of you could be in camp with her, going out with her early in the morning on a Nature Hike—or any time of day, for that matter. I have spent some of my most delightful outdoor hours with her, and I am happy that she is our Girl Scout Naturalist—and that you, wherever you are, can write to her for yourself, asking her about any special kind of outdoor book you wish to have for your own library.

Have you started an outdoor library of your own, I wonder? I hope you have, for nothing will mean more to you, all your life, than your own Nature Library. Mine is not large, and it is made up chiefly of bird and flower books, for those are my special interests. And how I do use them every summer! Many of them I got when I was in my teens. Others I have added through the years.

A good way to start such a library is to take your special outdoor interest, and find out as much as you can concerning the books that have been published about it. The list in your Girl Scout Nature Notebook will be a splendid guide for you. With it, you can hunt up the various books in the public library, or in a book store, to see which one you most wish to have, and how much it costs. If you cannot find what you want, write to Doctor Cady at Girl Scout Headquarters and she will help you, just as she has helped me with our Book Page this month. All of the books I shall now describe to you are recommended by Doctor Cady as excellent for your Nature Library. Some cost more than others, but are well worth saving up for. In fact, I am telling you about them in April so that, by the time summer comes, you will have enough to buy the special one you want. And even though you may not be able to buy it for yourself, there is always the possibility of your troop's or patrol's buying the books for the troop or patrol library—or of your putting them on your next birthday or Christmas list.

For Your Sweater Pocket

Have you seen the small, convenient handbooks published by Doubleday, Doran and Company, just the right size for your sweater pocket, and most of them costing only \$1.25? They are especially arranged for easy reference on a hike, with clear illustrations and good de-

scriptions. Some of the titles are: *Land Birds* (East of the Rockies) by Chester Reed (\$1.25); *Western Bird Guide* by Reed (\$1.75); *The Butterfly Guide* by W. J. Holland (\$1.25); *Flower Guide, Wild Flowers East of the Rockies* by Reed (\$1.25); *The Western Flower Guide* by C. F. Saunders (\$1.75); *The Tree Guide* by Julia Ellen Rogers (\$1.25). An excellent pocket guide for the stars is *The Sky Book* by Gilbert Trafton (Slingerland-Comstock Company, \$.75) which has star maps in it.

For less expensive Nature books, Doctor Cady suggests those now on sale at the Girl Scout Equipment Department, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City: *The Green Book of Birds of America*, tanagers, warblers, thrushes, etc.; *The Red Book of Birds of America*, diving, swimming, shore and marsh birds; *The Blue Book of Birds of America*, swifts, flycatchers, jays, finches, etc. There is an illustration of each bird in color, and a good description of each. These three bird books are packed in a convenient little cloth case, with pad and pencil to fasten to your belt—complete for fifty cents.

On the Outdoor Trail

After you have made a start with your nature study, you are pretty certain to want a complete reference book about your favorite hobby. These are some that girls have found especially useful. *Field Book of American Wild Flowers* by F. Schuyler Mathews (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50) is a complete and reliable guide to wild flowers east of the Rockies, with clear descriptions and excellent illustrations. *Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs* by F. Schuyler Mathews (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50) is complete in its information, and very useful to girls with this outdoor hobby. In addition to its descriptions and illustrations, you will find in it geographical range maps. Doctor Cady also suggests that you write to your State Forester for a free booklet on the trees of your State.

If stars are your hobby, look up *The Stars for Sam* by Maxwell Reed (Harcourt, Brace and Company, Incorporated, \$3.00), a star book written especially for girls and boys and fascinating as well as reliable from cover to cover. *The Book of the Stars for Young People* by W. T. Olcott (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.00) is also an excellent and comprehensive book for beginners.

Off the Beaten Path

But flowers and birds and trees and stars are not the only outdoor hobbies by any means. So I asked Doctor Cady about some other good outdoor books. *The Field Book of Insects* by Frank E. Lutz (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50) is an excellent popular scientific guide for this fascinating study. *Field Book of Ponds and Streams* by Ann Morgan (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50) is a delightful guide to the interesting life in fresh water, and it is well illustrated with keys to help you find the names of your bugs. *The Frog Book* (North American Toads and Frogs) by Mary C. Dickerson (Nature Library, Doubleday, Doran and Company, \$5.00) has excellent illustrations and gives its information most interestingly. *Snakes of the World* by Raymond L. Ditmars (The Macmillan Company, \$6.00) is fascinating. You will pore over it for hours. Yes, it is expensive, but it is worth it.



Pull a Pull-Jaffy Party!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC MOLASSES TAFFY

(Far quicker cooking! Sure to succeed!)

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk ¼ cup molasses
Few grains salt

Cook Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, molasses and salt together in a heavy pan. Stir over low heat until hard ball forms when tested in cold water. Cool on buttered pan. Pull until firm. Stretch into a long rope and cut in pieces. Double or triple this recipe to suit the number in the crowd.

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Martha Copies the Covers

ATCHISON, KANSAS: The covers drawn by Ruth Carroll are just darling. I am especially interested because I love to draw myself. I haven't a speck of originality in me, so I love to copy simple things, and Ruth Carroll makes hers easy to draw. I have copied practically every cover of hers and others for the last year.

I am certainly grateful to you for putting in pictures of what other Girl Scouts do, because there is no troop here and I am preparing to be a Lone Girl Scout—and they make me so interested.

I love all of Elizabeth Corbett's stories and Ruth King's illustrations. Hers are also nice to copy.

The new serials are both terribly exciting. Please put the articles on unusual motion pictures into every issue if possible. Your magazine is my chief pleasure.

Martha Ingalls

A Touch of Romance

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I have just finished reading "For the Girl of Your Dreams" and it was so good I had to write. Why was it good? It had a touch of romance in it.

I have taken this magazine for three years at least and I am ever so pleased with it. *The Room on the Roof* and *Keeper of the Wolves* are awfully exciting, and I can hardly wait for the next issue. The covers by Ruth Carroll are darling, and I am very grateful for the articles by Beatrice Pierce. I never read *Well, of All Things* but *A Penny for Your Thoughts* has conquered.

Jean Frost

First Aid to Dancers

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS: I have only subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL for two months, but the February issue inspired me so I felt I must write to you.

The article that appealed most to me was *Your First Dance*. I go to a dancing class and I enjoy it very much, but more than once I have found the question of conversation a perplexing one.

Be My Valentine and "For the Girl of Your Dreams" just kept me away from my homework, they were so thrilling.

As athletics occupy a large part of my leisure hours, the article *Modern Sports for Modern Girls* was especially interesting to me. I wish Anne Frances Hodgkins would write a story about basketball, as this is one of my favorite sports.

I consider *The Room on the Roof* the most exciting of any serial I have read. I

just can't wait for the March issue to reveal more of Joan's exciting adventures.

The cover of this month's magazine by Ruth Carroll certainly takes the prize.

I hope to be a reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL for many years to come, as it is a real magazine!

Ann Fortin

The February Cover Is Popular

WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT: I have just finished reading my copy of the February AMERICAN GIRL, and I want to tell you how I enjoyed every page of it. The February Valentine cover was simply grand! I loved the look in the horse's eye while he was nibbling the bouquet.

The Room on the Roof is just beginning to interest me. This installment was awfully good, and *Keeper of the Wolves* is perfect, I think.

Anne Frances Hodgkins's article on *Modern Sports for Modern Girls* was very educational, but also very interesting.

My favorite was "For the Girl of Your Dreams." Em is so real, though I think she really must be quite dumb. Maybe she's that way purposely. Anyway, please have Miss Weber leave her the way she is. Let's have more of Em!

Eleanor Tolles

Emily Deneen, Girl Scout

AKRON, OHIO: I have just finished reading my AMERICAN GIRL magazine, and I think the February cover is just too cute! I can almost see the expression on that Colonial boy's face when he hands the girl the flowers that the horse has started to make a luncheon of!

And your articles and the stories—they're grand. I'm surely glad THE AMERICAN GIRL is to be mine for two whole years (and maybe longer).

I think the story "For the Girl of Your Dreams" was swell. Em is a regular girl, and oh what a Scout she would make!

I could go on naming everything in the magazine and telling how wonderful they all are. But it would take too long, so I'll just say THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best magazine published, and that I'm wild about it.

Marjorie N. Kepler

More Vocational Articles

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS: Although I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for nearly six years, this is the first time I have written.

I wish you would print more about voca-

tions. Some of the previous articles helped me get an "A" on my Vocational Civics notebook.

The article on *Alice in Movieland* was very interesting. When I saw the movie a few weeks later, it was nice to be able to tell my friends how "Alice" was made to look so large.

Louise Forsyth

Hundred per cent

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Three cheers for Lenora Mattingly Weber! Her story, "For the Girl of Your Dreams," in the February issue was simply keen. Let's have more of them! The serials, *Keeper of the Wolves* and *The Room on the Roof*, are grand. They keep you in suspense every minute. The articles by Beatrice Pierce are ducky. All in all, the February issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL was one hundred per cent!

Gwendolyn Smith

Em Is Appreciated

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: I just had to write to you and tell you how topping "For the Girl of Your Dreams" by Lenora Mattingly Weber was. Em is a dear, and Kip O'Malley is a peach. I wish I knew some real cowboys, and lived on a ranch. I adore horses. Let's have more Western stories!

Those articles on etiquette are keen. They are so helpful and interesting. The *Household Rhymes* are darling! I also love the puzzles and jokes.

I have been taking your magazine for two years or more and I couldn't live without it!

Betty Fyler

An Aid for Scout Meetings

FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS: I am a Girl Scout in Falmouth, and I look forward with eagerness to each new issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The first thing I do is to hunt for the Girl Scout page and read what other Girl Scouts are doing. When I go to Scout meetings, I always have new ideas after reading THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The February cover was just adorable. I think Ruth Carroll's drawings are lovely.

Keeper of the Wolves is getting to be so exciting and thrilling I can't wait for the next issue. Also the story "For the Girl of Your Dreams" was very interesting.

I suppose I could keep on writing forever about the stories, for they make you feel so cheerful and interested after reading them that I just have to speak about them to someone.

I can't wait for the March issue to come, but in the meantime I will try a few of those tempting recipes in the February issue.

Eleanor Irish

Keeper of the Wolves

(Continued from page 25)

squirming as though you had the hives," Gran said. "Put on your jacket and get along out to your dogs. You've no business being inside this time of day, anyhow. And you haven't heard a word I've said since you sat down."

Claire threw a grateful arm around her grandmother's sturdy shoulders. "When are you going to let me teach you to drive a dog-sled, Gran?"

"When you teach your dogs to respond to sensible words like 'Whoa' and 'Giddap'," Gran replied. "Mush!" she snorted.

Boal was having a cup of coffee in the kitchen as Claire swung through. He followed her to the kennels eagerly.

"I want to know what you think of Sampson now," Claire said without preamble. "I want to know if he can be used in the race?"

"With the right driver, yes," Boal answered. The girl and the Indian exchanged a glance of understanding.

"Did you ever drive in a race, Boal?"

"No. And I never will."

ALL right," Claire said. "That leaves only one thing to do." She about-faced and reentered the house without noticing the unaccustomed smile that widened the Indian's taciturn mouth.

Pete was just emerging from the tiny closet which he called his study, when she reappeared.

"I guess you and I are going to have a fight, Pete," she said quietly.

"That's fine," Pete responded promptly.

"Which corner do you choose?" He took off his coat with elaborate care.

"No, I'm serious. You won't let me drive in the Totem Pole. Well, I'm driving anyway!" She set her jaw truculently. "Ed Pegler's gone to Fairbanks for three weeks. Every other musher I'd trust with the team is driving his own dogs. Henry's sick. There isn't any alternative."

"There certainly is. You and the team can stay at home!"

"Pete, I can't! I've got to race that string. Don't you see what it means? It means my dogs will be wanted all over Alaska. It means I can build new kennels, and develop that new breed I've talked over with you. It means—" She bit her lip to keep from revealing her real excuse for entering the race. Pete could never be brought to her point of view if he discovered she was making the effort mostly for him.

"It means," Pete said, quietly resuming his coat, "you'll draw all the temper out of yourself. Men have gone mad, they have even died, on the Sweepstakes Trail. This race is nothing compared to that, of course, but for a girl it's impossible. It means if you win, you'll be too exhausted to enjoy the victory, and if you lose—"

"If I enter, I'll win!" Claire lifted her head. "No one can beat my string with King as leader." (Continued on page 42)



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Keeper of the Wolves

(Continued from page 41)

Pete had never before seen that light in the girl's eyes. It worried him. "But see here, Sis," he protested reasonably. "What's a race, after all? Jake called them all bad. You don't know what you are asking of your dogs, or of yourself. For twenty-four—maybe thirty-six hours—you drive yourself and your dogs just to keep ahead of some other team. What does it signify?" His argument veered suddenly. "What is the longest stretch of time you've ever spent on the trail?"

"Eighteen hours, bucking a forty-mile gale with a snowstorm to plough through part of the way!"

"Eighteen hours is different from thirty-six—or twenty-four, for that matter."

"It took Poke Latern thirty-six hours last year, and he's the world's worst musher. Why, Ed says Poke had the dogs in the sled and did the pulling himself for a third of the distance! He doesn't know dogs, and he doesn't know mushing. Oh, Pete, please, please let me try!" He delayed his response, hating to quench that light in her eyes. As usual Gran turned the tide.

"If she doesn't drive that team, I'll have to," she said grimly, and the matter was settled.

The town was filling rapidly with people from hundreds of miles around, come to observe the start. One hour after the finish of the race they would be on their way home again, but for twenty-four hours they would be living with the mushers, thrilling to their effort and achievement. Frozen Bend didn't know itself. The snow of its two streets was trampled to powder. Nothing mattered in the world save the Totem Pole Race.

Sam Holcomb had volunteered to 'phone Pete the reports of Claire's team, as it passed the way stations from whence the 'phone reports would come in to him.

"I'll be right in the middle of the crowd waiting to hear for myself," Pete confessed.

ON the morning of the race Claire slept to the last moment. Gran stood outside her door ruthlessly hushing voices and footsteps. When the girl appeared she was white with excitement, but her eyes were clear and determined.

Henry was sitting up in bed when she went in to hear him wish her luck. He took her extended hand in both of his.

"I'll be pushing you on the way out, and pulling you on the way in," he promised, "and I can name the winner right now! Good luck and a clear trail."

Gran said, "Did you put on your heaviest underwear?"

Pete put his arm around her shoulders and held her for one long, bracing moment. "Good luck, Sis!" was all he could say.

It remained for Hans to put into words the thought that had buoyed Claire up until now. "Leave it to King," said Hans.

Sam Holcomb limped down to the starting point to reinspect her team's harness, although it had been in his shop until six o'clock, the evening before. "You think that new tandem harness sets all right? You think King will wear his comfortably?" he demanded anxiously.

"I think it's perfect," Claire responded heartily. "He didn't protest a bit this morn-

ing when I put it on him, and he usually hems and haws a minute or two when I put him on the line. It offends his dignity when he's used to running free."

"He knows what's ahead of him," Sam said with conviction. "That dog knows everything. We'd ought to vote him mayor of Frozen Bend, come next election." His booming voice carried the sally fifty feet. There was a shout of laughter.

A man, a stranger to Claire, furrowed to the eyebrows, stepped forward to give her lead dog a close inspection.

"So that's King, is it?" he said. "A miracle dog, they tell me."

"A loyal dog," Claire responded, giving her highest praise.

ARE we ready to staa-a-rt?" the Mayor bellowed from somewhere near. "Are the mushers in li-i-ne?" He named them, one by one, in a pompous voice that must have carried ten miles upriver. Six teams were starting and Claire was fifth in line. That meant that she must keep ahead of the team behind her, and overtake as many as she could of the teams ahead. There was a ten-minute interval between the start of each team.

It seemed an interminable wait until her name was called.

"Claire Jameson, driving Patsy and Totem, Sampson and Jubilee, led by the black Malemute, King!"

Claire stood at the starting post gripping the handlebars, tensed for the start. The crowd about her had become a haze. Only the trail registered in her mind. The trail and King.

"All-ll ready?"

As the starting gun barked, Claire hurled her command.

"Line out and—mush, King!"

A hundred voices lifted in salute to the courage of a girl.

For the first hundred yards, she ran behind her team; then with a farewell wave of her arm to the crowd still cheering behind her, she mounted the runners of the sled and turned the team west.

The way was not new to her; she had covered the whole distance before, but the trail itself was not much used. It led to half a dozen outlying villages to which mail was carried only twice during the winter. Many of the villagers came into Frozen Bend—as to a metropolis—to do their shopping, and to take what diversion they could to break the monotony of the long Northern night. They kept the trail open. It led away westward for fifty miles, turned north for twenty more, bent through a forest, and emerged again in a wide swing which brought it back to the fifty-mile point. From there it back-tracked. No one had ever covered the distance in less than twenty-three hours and twenty-five minutes.

Along the trail at intervals, way stations had been established where the mushers might stop for food or rest as their needs demanded. Claire had need of neither when she reached the first one. Tracks leading in and out again from the single-room cabin showed that one of the teams ahead of her had paused. She would have given much to know whose team it had been, but she did not halt to discover.

"Mush, King!" she cried and as always

found reassurance in speaking to the dog. She observed the dogs one by one. They were pulling strongly, not straining themselves—that would come later—but giving as much speed, as much power, as the wise leader demanded. Sampson seemed as fit as the King himself. His nondescript fur was ruffled in the light wind; his feet tracked in their own queer, awkward way.

"Good dog, Sampson," the girl encouraged him.

Patsy and Totem humped along asking no questions. Jubilee followed his leader.

They swung out atop a low ridge which gave the girl a sight of the frozen river to be crossed a mile away and below them. Two teams were visible from that point, one just starting across the ice, one halfway over. Claire strained to see beyond the further bank. Had the other teams crossed and gone on? Or were they still between her and the river, hidden by the abrupt drop she must make to reach the stream?

The question was partially answered by King's added speed. He had sighted a team ahead. It was Joe Pitally's freighting string. Claire had counted him out of the race before he had started. Already one of his dogs was limping, she saw. She shook her head. When would they learn, these freighters, not to run their dogs in a race before they were rested from the last haul?

JOE was a good driver. He would turn back with a dog on his sled rather than lose one of his string. At the river's edge, he halted and moved forward to peer at the feet of the limping dog. Claire passed him with a shout of encouragement.

"You shoulda win!" Joe called after her generously, his swarthy face split in a smile.

At the second way station, sixty miles out, she fought a small battle with herself. To stop meant to lose time. To go on meant to weaken herself from lack of food. She was tired, numbed. King had brought her a full day's journey in six hours. But the pace was too great to endure. Better to stop now and skip the last station if it came to that!

King pulled into the station reluctantly. Claire stripped harness from the dogs and hazed them into the cabin ahead of her. To each she threw a chunk of frozen salmon.

"How far ahead are the others?" was her first question, and then, "Is the chocolate too hot to drink?"

Joe Pitally's parents had taken over this station. They questioned her about him, but their regret at his misfortune did not color their encouragement of the girl.

"One team jus' left," Joe's father told her. "Two, tree minute, maybe five." He poured a second cup of chocolate for her, and urged on her the steak and potatoes he had prepared. Claire could not eat them. Mrs. Pitally produced toast and a pot of jam. The girl made a good meal.

"One teama not stop." That, Claire figured, was the team that had paused at the first station.

"One teama almos' halfa hour gone." Half an hour! The lead team, probably, starting forty minutes ahead of her. Summing it up, she had passed one team, she had picked up ten minutes on another, had held even with the third—the one behind her—and had picked up about five minutes

on the fourth. About the fifth team, the Pitallys could tell her nothing. They had not even heard it go through. They knew only that one team had not stopped.

Claire spent exactly one hour in the cabin. It seemed half a day to her. Her team was ready, anxious. Pitally helped her put them in harness.

"We've got to make time," she told King. "Mush along, Boy. Line out!"

"We wisha you good luck!" the Pitallys shouted after her. Claire felt warmed, renewed. She thanked heaven and earth for sending a perfect day, not too cold, not too windy, with no snow to blind her.

She ceased to think of the race in terms of miles and hours. It became to her a contest between her and the team immediately ahead.

"We'll take 'em one at a time," she muttered to herself. "Just one little measly sled at a time. Three of 'em, one at a time!"

It sounded easy. It wasn't. When time and the miles slipped past and still she had not sighted the team ahead, she was betrayed by her alarm into asking more speed of King than he could afford to give. A weariness which she did not recognize made her fretful.

She called Jubilee lazy and Patsy a hound. All of her dogs were out of favor except King, and even he was slightly blameworthy.

"Step along! Pick up your feet!" she called to them urgently. "Line out! *Mush!*" In a protest at their slackening speed, she tried running behind the sled—and found that they were not slackening at all!

"Maybe we're not good enough!" The thought set her quivering. "Oh, but we are, we are, we've got to be!"

THEY were in the forest now, weaving through the trees. Claire did not see the other team until she was almost upon them. Then there was no choice of paths. She sent King dodging from the trail, kept him on the narrow margin between a line of trees and the other sled—and sent him a ringing word of praise as he led his team down to the packed trail again.

Behind her, Claire heard Nate Waltham tongue-lashing his conquered squad.

Now there were two teams ahead. Only two teams! The girl felt reborn. So this was racing! This was what Jake Connolly scorned! For the first time in her life Claire questioned his judgment. And laughed at her questioning. And laughed again in sheer joy of the rushing pace.

In full tilt her laugh broke in two.

"Sampson!" she screamed. "Sampson! Line in there! You're slowing the team! King, look to Sampson! He's—he's——"

But King was in harness. Before he could slow his team, before he could respond, Claire knew the answer.

Sampson had gone crazy.

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Letters from "Our Chalet"

"OUR CHALET" HEMMED IN BY TOWERING GREEN AND WHITE ALPS AT EGGETLI, ADELBODEN, SWITZERLAND



THE JULIETTE LOW GIRLS, WHO WON A TRIP TO SWITZERLAND, VISIT GIRL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS. LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW: MISS SCHAIN, ADELAIDE VAN VLIET, MRS. DELANO. FRONT ROW: ELIZABETH YATES, MISS CLARK, VIRGINIA POWELL, LENNA THOMAS

By
ELIZABETH
YATES

ONE of the Juliette Low Girls writes home about a magical two weeks in Switzerland with Girl Scouts and Guides from many countries

August 14, 1933
WELL, we are here! We left the quaint city of Berne at nine o'clock this morning and took the train to Frütigen. Honestly, there are flowers in every yard in Switzerland! The attractive houses are just buried in flowers of the brightest colors you can imagine. The Swiss, you know, call their houses "chalets." Nearly all of them have elaborate decorations and mottoes painted on the sides of the houses. It's fun to see things so entirely different from our own country. And the scenery! Huge mountains like a wall hem in the valleys in the deepest sort of secrecy.

After making our way around one of these mountain passes after another, Miss Clark began to squeal that she "saw it." "Our Chalet" was full in view. Oh, such a beautiful place! It is absolutely swamped by Alps. At the back are huge snow-capped ones; and, in front, the lower green grassy ones are directly behind the village of Adelboden. Blue sky, green grass, white snow! Just being here is more than I can realize.

"Our Chalet," like all of the Swiss chalets, has flowers and animals painted on every available spot on the outside, particularly on the window shutters. On one side is the motto in Swiss German, "God bless this home and all who enter it." The house itself is of white pine, unpainted, and the tin roof is covered with rows of rocks, to keep the wind from planting the roof on some neighboring Alp.

The flagpole, given last year by the Girl Scouts of the United States in memory of Juliette Low, flies the Swiss pennant and the international flag of the Girl Guides. There are lots of little chalets on the side of the mountain, but this flagpole makes "Our Chalet" stand out over all.

The inside of the Chalet is quite as charming as the outside. The "big room" has the most fascinating furnishings. All the chairs, tables, rugs, and fixtures are marked with the international trefoil. The china, silver, linen, and utensils are also marked. Great Britain has furnished the library. There is a lovely American Room which is used for writing, reading, and conferences. The four of us plan to send a

picture of Mrs. Low for this room. There's a grand big kitchen and two fascinating Swiss cooks, Emma and Rosa—good American names. Downstairs are loads of showers, a laundry, and all modern conveniences. Unbelievable, this lovely house up in the Swiss Alps!

On the second floor are the bedrooms furnished by different countries. I'm sleeping in a combination of Poland and Portsmouth, England! We sleep according to the language we speak, so that we may say "Good-night" in our own language. The four Americans and the Irish Guide, Dorothy Beatti, sleep together. On the third floor, there is oodles of room for Guides, who bring their own covers, to sleep. Any Scout over the age of fourteen (Guide, as they call them here) may stay in the Chalet, or camp on the lawn in a tent. Isn't that a wonderful opportunity for girls close enough to come frequently?

Well, would you like to know who is here besides America? The Director is Mademoiselle Ida de Herrenschwand. We call her "Falk," which is short for "Falcon." All leaders in Europe are called by bird or animal names, rather than by their own. I think it a charming custom, don't you? "Falk" is a grand person, and speaks five languages well! An assistant director is an English Sea Ranger, Dorothea Briggs, better known as "Briggsie." There are several other leaders here, both Swiss and French. Miss Clark is in charge of our group, of course. We all call her "Clarkie."

I could rave about the girls for hours! Both of the Polish girls speak English, as they have been in the United States. Their names are Zofia Borowska and Anna Szczepanska, called "Zula" and "Anula" for the sake of convenience. The Swedes look just as I expected them to look—fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and the most wonderful voices. We call them "Macke" and "Micki," but their real names are Irma Samuelson and Mari-Ann Smedberg. The Belgians are very attractive. Suzanne Huysmans doesn't speak a word of English, but Eliane le Clemente de St. Marcq (how is that for one person's name?) speaks English rather well. The Swiss girls are grand. They call themselves Mix and

Dutch girl? Flip, or Rick Van der Vlist, has the brightest red hair I have ever seen. She is the cleverest person—speaks five languages and hopes to teach English. The other Dutch girl is very attractive and has an almost American name, Lydia Goldman. It is difficult to pronounce in Dutch, so we call her "Flop." The two girls from Luxembourg are Cécile Thilgès and Loulou Fischer. I have already mentioned the girl from Ireland, so you know the whole family.

I must hurry now and get ready for bed. The crowd is in our room anyway, so I can't write. We have to be in bed by ten-thirty—rather late for camp, isn't it?—and as the conversation is intriguing and the time quite short, I say "Good-night" to you.

August 16, 1933

To begin where I left off—August fourteenth. We have become beautifully acquainted by this time. We all have nicknames and are having a marvelous time together. We are divided into patrols for "kapers." Our patrols' names are taken from the surrounding mountains, Löhner, Bonderspitz, Hurtz, and Wildstruble. We do dishes, vegetables, set tables, and clean the rooms.

In our own Juliette Low group, we are divided into patrols for discussion which we have every morning. For the last two days, we have discussed camping in the different countries. European camps differ from ours, in that they have no permanent established camps such as we have, but troop camps almost entirely. A leader will take her troop off camping for one or two weeks to some spot where they will pitch tents, build stoves and make much of their equipment. Another thing that is very different is their camp uniform. We are the only ones here who wear middies and bloomers; all of the others wear dresses.

This afternoon we hiked up to the grandest place—Bonderfallen. There was snow all around and, about fifteen feet away, the most lovely flowers. I did so want to bring some snow back home.

At camp fire we sing the grandest songs. It is so much fun to hear these girls from seven different countries singing the same songs that we sing at our own troop meet-

ings in the United States. You should hear us singing *Wind, Wind, Heather Gypsy*, in English, Dutch and French, or *For Health and Strength* in seven languages. We have learned lots of new songs and folk dances, particularly from the English Guides.

This afternoon it is our turn to tell something of interest concerning the climate, government, and customs of our country. We have been doing this every afternoon, and you have no idea how little we Americans know about Europe.

August 19, 1933

These are the cutest girls! Scouting is so broad and far-reaching that those of us here together know and love each other, even though we cannot always speak our thoughts. We simply look at each other, smile—and though we can't say loads of things that we might say, we are good friends because we have so much in common. What fun it is to have sister Scouts all over the world and really to know them!

Since my last letter, I have been on three trips. Thursday we went to the Engstligen Falls for tea; Friday we went to Adelboden for the grandest, coldest, funniest swim I have ever had; and today we left early and climbed the Hurst Alp from four thousand, two hundred feet to six thousand, six hundred feet above the level of the sea!

P. S. "Flip" and "Flop" have taught us the cutest game to play with shoes. I simply can't wait to teach it to the Scouts at home. I know it will take the town by storm!

August 23, 1933

Sunday we went to church in the village. The service was in English, but there was a decided Swiss atmosphere. In the afternoon we wrote letters to Mrs. James J. Storrow of Boston, who gave the Chalet, and to Lord and Lady Baden-Powell. In the Big Room there is a lovely inscription to Mrs. Storrow: "To Helen Storrow, our world sisterhood owes this Chalet for the promotion of guiding and goodwill between nations."

At camp fire "Falk" told us about the building of the Chalet, and how Mrs. Storrow was so wonderfully enthusiastic in carrying out Juliette Low's desire that Girl

Scouts in different countries should know each other. Miss Clark told us some of her personal experiences with Juliette Low. What a marvelous person she was! Her life is a challenge to every Girl Scout.

Br-r—! it's cold! Can you, way down in Dixie, realize that it's snowing where I am in August? We can't stay out long because it is too cold, but this offers a grand opportunity to talk. We have had fine discussions on leaders' training, Rangers or Senior Scouts, the National Organization, the Laws and Promise, and Peace. It's wonderful, in spite of differences in circumstances and language, that the fundamentals in Scouting are the same throughout the world.

All the work in Europe is done by volunteer leaders; there are no professional workers, as there are in our country. Of course, the vastness of area and Girl Scout population make professional workers a necessity in our country.

August 26, 1933

I have always wanted to go to Interlaken, and Thursday we actually went! We chartered three buses and took the whole crowd. (Oh, I forgot to tell you that there are a troop of English Guides and Belgian Guiders here, besides the Juliette Low group.) Interlaken is an exciting place. We saw the snow-capped and famous Jungfrau. We ate lunch on the grassy side of a mountain facing the Grindelwald Glacier—and we saw a small avalanche. Snow and rocks flew everywhere. And we had tea in one of the quaint open tea gardens. More fun!

In the afternoon we went to a real sure enough glacier at Grindelwald. We stood on top of it, went inside of it, and took pictures of it. Later we went to Trümmelbach Falls, where the water rushes and roars in a spiral path right through the rocks.

Riding back in the bus, we had the best time singing and trying to talk to each other. I hate the thought of leaving this attractive crowd and this wonderful place.

Friday was the busiest day you can imagine. Everyone had to pack. This was the big day, too, when "the world" entertained at an elaborate six-course luncheon on the roof garden of the Alps—in other words, the big international meal for which

we had carried cans of corn in our raincoat pockets all the way from the Market Place at Camp Andree. Let's begin at the beginning, as is done in all well-regulated restaurants. We had two kinds of soup, a split pea soup from Luxembourg and "Borsch," a beet soup from Poland. Holland and the United States combined forces on the main meal with sausage and "Hutspot," a combination of carrots and potatoes from Holland, and corn oysters from the United States. For the benefit of all who are not familiar with "Woodland Cookery," corn oysters are nothing more nor less than corn fritters. Switzerland served "fondue," a delicious mixture of Swiss cheese and white wine. Belgium and Sweden finished the meal with currant pancakes and sugar, and Swedish bread.

Friday, being our last night, we gave a short ceremony based on spreading Girl Scouting in our own countries, and then, through good International Scouting, spreading world peace. Each country was represented by a Scout in uniform, and a girl in native costume. We brought this message from the United States: "From the United States, I bring the best memorial that we can raise to our founder, Juliette Low, to keep her line and aim of action bright and shining, and making it our own, pass it on to girls all over the world." The other countries said something similar. It was impressive and inspiring.

August 26, 1933

This morning we left that wonderful place. How I wish every girl might have the experience that I have had! How selfish I am to want to go again! Just before we left we planted a tree—as Girl Scouts do the world over—in memory of the splendid experience we had had, and to keep living and growing the ideals of Juliette Low and Baden-Powell. Each girl put on a shovel of earth, as all of us sang our tree song, *Live, Live, Live!* in our own language. It was so inspiring we all wanted to cry, but we didn't. Even leaving each other, we felt that Girl Scouting would bring us together again, somewhere, sometime. Until then, there will be letters to keep alive friendships based on "love that is so broad as to bridge the rifts of country, class, and creed."

Lost River

(Continued from page 32)

out for a minute," suggested Hedda. "Maybe we'll see daylight somewhere."

For several seconds they stood in absolute darkness. Then a ray of white light bored feebly into the shaft, and the girls rushed toward it. Pushing at the rocks around the hole through which the light ray pierced, Ellen felt a small rock move and roll away. Hedda helped shove on a larger rock, and when it, too, fell away, they wriggled through to open air!

"Now where do we go?" demanded Hedda. "My feet feel fine—"

Through the woods rang a shot.

Her face white, Hedda's mouth remained open. Ellen's body stiffened, and she gripped her companion's arm excitedly. "That must be Tank and Bilge!"

"Signaling for us!" Hedda's face regained its color.

But Ellen was not fooled. "Signaling for Roger Harrison!"

"Then they've gone and got themselves just as lost as we are!"

"Lost as we were, you mean!"

Ellen pointed to a giant white birch, a real wolf of the woods. "I spotted that tree this morning. The trail's about a hundred yards straight out from the twisty branch!"

This changed the entire situation!

"Now we can find the shaft to Lost River again any time," declared Ellen exultantly. In her mind something important had shaped, and she motioned Hedda to proceed quietly. "So let's settle with those two clowns right now!"

"Swell!"

Stalking their masculine prey with the skill of born hunters, the girls sighted Bilge Wyeth and Tank Beegle in a very familiar posture—lying on their backs—on the soft pine needles of a small grove. Four horses, obviously well-traveled, and tethered close together a dozen yards away, nibbled optimistically at the surrounding ground. Beside

the two unsuspecting youths was food—Ellen's and Hedda's—and they were eating it with gusto.

"That settles them!" muttered Ellen into her starved companion's ear, and she crept cautiously toward the horses. She saw Bilge lift his arm. The target pistol barked.

"That," she whispered triumphantly to Hedda, "proves they've given up. We've won!"

They reached the horses and swung noiselessly into their saddles. Hedda, on her calico pony, led Bilge's horse to the trail toward which the white birch's crooked arm directed, and Ellen, from her saddle, tugged at the reins of Tank's mount. Suddenly, she let out an ear-rending Indian whoop.

Two startled male figures sprang to their feet. Two pairs of masculine legs gave chase. But trotting down the trail well out of reach, Ellen Wakefield waved derisively.

"They're keeping us in sight," she called gaily to Hedda. "They must want to see us get our medal!"

The Room on the Roof

(Continued from page 16)
being a nurse and all, you would be able to—"

"But I'm not a nurse!" she cried. "I never was! That's just my clinic uniform. I'm a doctor's secretary, Captain!"

"My heavenly home!" he burst out. "And I left you with that Russian! I depended on you to tell me if she was really down and out! I thought—"

They were at the house now, and he helped her out of the cab, still apologizing.

"Will you wait here until I see Mr. Mellick?" he asked. "Madam's taken to her bed, what with the shock and all, but he might like to see you. He's a nice old gentleman."

As the captain left her, the boy at the desk came up to her with a letter.

"Special delivery, Miss," he said.

Joan recognized Kate's writing and opened the letter, hoping it might be an invitation to supper, for she felt that unless she could tell the events of the last twenty-four hours to someone, she would certainly burst.

Dearest Joan:—

I couldn't talk about this very well when you were here because Mother hadn't come, but she's just arrived and Janie has got her job in Chicago, and we want you to come here and stay, so please don't engage that room you were talking about! Mother says if it would make you feel more independent, you can pay us just what you were going to pay Katrine; and she'd love you to come, anyway, but specially because she and Father are going off on a long trip South after Christmas, and they don't want to leave me alone. So please bring your things over to-night!

Mother says she knows your mother must be awfully anxious, you being on your own in New York, but she's going to write and calm her down, and tell her there's no need to worry, really, for New York is as quiet and safe as any other place, if you know how to live in it!

Love from Kate

Never in her life had Joan received a letter that meant so much to her! The sudden wave of homesickness that had rushed over her as she sat in the banker's office, the hungry desire for family and friends and a safe, warm nest where somebody cared for her and was interested in her, had been almost too much to bear.

But now all that was changed. New York and Kate together! Oh, what a winter this was going to be! And the adventures of the night became thrilling again, and she could hardly wait to get her things packed.

"I shan't be here tonight," she said happily to the boy at the desk. "I'll leave the key here for Mrs. Hopkins when I go, and I'll give you my address if any mail comes."

It was a radiant girl that Captain McBride met a few minutes later as he came toward her with a little box in his hand.

"Jump in this taxi and I'll take you to your office," he said. "I've got something for you here"

"It's something the old gentleman sent you," the captain went on as soon as they were settled in the cab.

"He gave me a lot of apologies for you about not giving it to you himself, but they're going for a cruise to the West Indies tomorrow, and Mrs. Mellick's so nervous

he can't leave her even for half a minute."

Joan opened the little box mechanically, and cried out at the lovely topaz set in a brooch bordered with tiny seed pearls.

"Suits you—goes with your eyes, doesn't it?" said the captain appreciatively.

"But Captain McBride, I can't take this," Joan said uncomfortably. "I really can't. You know very well it was I that went off with that necklace. Why, I might have been the one that kept you from ever finding it! I—I simply can't! It's dear of Mr. Mellick—but take it back, please."

"Not me," replied Captain McBride promptly. "I wouldn't hurt the old boy's feelings like that, to begin with, Miss Brathwayte. He knows all about it, and he thinks just as I think—that you're a grand girl! After all, you took care of it, didn't you? Come on now, be a sport and pin it on your dress—just to oblige me! It'll remind you of this day as long as you live."

"Ye-es," said Joan soberly, "it will. It'll remind me of a lot of things, Captain!"

She pinned the pretty thing below her neck frill, and repressed a strong desire to cry, though she couldn't see why she should, exactly. Now the familiar street unrolled before her.

"Some hospital!" the captain declared. "So this is where you work, is it? Well, I'll bet you're as good as your job! Here's wishing you luck, Miss Brathwayte!"

"Thank you, Captain. I'm a pretty lucky girl, I think myself," said Joan. "One of the luckiest girls in New York!"

The Detective Club

(Continued from page 10)

"Because I think that a professional dog stealer would be prepared and have a chain. He would have unsnapped this chain from Woof's collar and snapped on his own."

"Betty," I said, "you are a wonder." "Please call me Superintendent when you address me, Inspector," Betty said, and Arthur laughed.

"I'll say you are pretty good, anyway, Superintendent," he said. "I wouldn't have thought of the snap-hook in a million years. What else do you see, Miss Sherlock Holmes?"

"There's something I don't see," said Betty. "And sometimes what you don't see is as important as what you do see. I don't see any claw scratches on the ground in front of the kennel. What does Woof do when any stranger tries to take him anywhere, Dick?"

"He drags back," Dick admitted. "It takes a stout fellow to pull him."

"And his claws leave scratches," said Betty. "There are no scratches here, so we must deduce one of two things—either he was carried away, or he went willingly. He couldn't have been carried away by strangers or he would have barked, so he must have gone willingly with someone he knew and was friendly with."

"Someone could have chloroformed him, Betty," I said.

"No, Inspector," said Betty. "No one could have gotten close enough to Woof to chloroform him. He would have barked. Did he bark last night?"

"No," Dick said. "He didn't bark, and

he is the very barkingest dog in this town."

"My opinion is that he was taken by someone he would follow willingly," Betty went on. "Now, who knew Woof that well?"

"There's the butcher boy," suggested Arthur. "He comes every day. He brings a bone for Woof now and then."

"Jimmy Schluter? He would never steal a dog," said Betty. "Who else, Dick?"

"There's Ed Dawson, the grocer's boy. And the iceman. And Charlie Wong, the laundryman. And Nick, the vegetable man."

"No!" Betty shook her head. "I don't believe they'd steal a dog. Anybody else?"

"I can't think of anyone," Dick told her. "Then it seems as if we had come to two dead ends," said Betty gravely. "They don't join. Woof was stolen by someone he knew, but no one he knew would steal him."

"Betty, you're a scream," Dot said. "You sound like a book detective. All you need now is to say 'But I could do with a bite to eat, Inspector.' They always say that."

"I've had my breakfast," Betty said. She was not in a mood to joke. She stood looking at the dog house, going over the clues one by one again. "I can't see where I was wrong," she remarked presently. "There must be someone else who knew Woof and was friendly with him. Try to think, Dick."

All Dick could think of was some of the boys we all play with now and then, but we knew they would not steal a dog. It did look as if Betty had come to a dead end, and Dick said, "Girl detectives!" in a sort of "I told you so" way, but even that did not fuss Betty and suddenly she said "Ah!"

"Did you think of something?" I asked.

"I think our next step in this investigation will take us some distance from the scene of the crime, Inspector," Betty said seriously. "Dick, do you think your mother will let you have the car this morning?"

"I'll ask her," Dick said, giving Arthur a queer smile. "I sort of bent a mudguard yesterday, and Father did not think that was so good; but if you want it for detective work, Mother might let me take it."

Dick's mother came to the kitchen door when he had spoken to her. She said she did not think we ought to go far in the car, that amateur detectives should be able to do their detecting without running around in automobiles, and I saw that she did not take Betty's detective ability at all seriously. But Dick came to Betty's aid.

"Oh, Mother! Please!" he begged, and Mrs. Prince said, "Very well, but do drive carefully and don't go far."

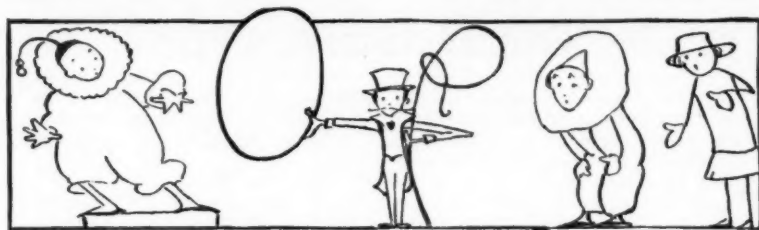
So we three members of Tenth Street Yard, and Dick and Arthur, piled into the car, and Dick drove where Betty told him to go. We went across town to the section where a few small houses, that were hardly more than shacks, stood near the swamp.

"Silas's house!" Dick exclaimed. "You're right, Betty; he does know Woof. I never thought of Silas coming to cut the lawn every week. She's some detective, Arthur."

"Listen!" Betty ordered.

The car made some noise, but even while we were quite a distance from Silas's shack we heard a dog barking—an unhappy dog.

"Woof!" came the deep bark, and then a pause and again "Woof!" and this was repeated again and (Continued on page 48)



Laugh and Grow Scout

The Insult

The prisoner was asked why he beat up the victim.

"Well, judge, he called me a rhinoceros."

"H'm. When did this happen?"

"Oh, 'bout three years ago, judge."

"Three years? Then why did you wait until this morning to get even?"

"Well, judge, the fact is I ain't never seen no rhinoceros until this mornin'."

—Sent by EILEEN M. BATCHELOR, Oswego, New York.

Bird Lore

TEACHER: What little boy can tell me the home of the swallow?

BOBBY (waving an eager hand): The home of the swallow is in the stomach!—Sent by RUTH BRABER, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Abject Confession

LANDLORD (to prospective tenant): You know, we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: No.

LANDLORD: A piano, radio or victrola?

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: No.

LANDLORD: Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, a cat, or parrot?

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes.—Sent by RUTH DINSMORE, Troy, Ohio.

Why, indeed?



"Spring in the air, Mr. Crochet."

"Eh?"

"I said, 'Spring in the air.'"

"Why should I? Eh, why should I?"—

Sent by DOROTHY BOS, Holland, Michigan.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Much Better



"My papa's a mounted policeman," said little Pat to his mother's visitor.

"Is that better than being a foot policeman?" she asked.

"Course it is," replied Pat. "If there's any trouble, he can get away quicker."—Sent by ELEANOR SIENKA, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

INSURANCE MAN: Well, don't you call that an accident?

COWBOY: Naw. He bit me on purpose.—Sent by NORMA SIEGEL, Los Angeles, California.

Safety First



A motorist was driving towards a small town when he saw an old man running down the road towards him.

MOTORIST: What are you running like that for?

OLD MAN: There's a circus in town, and three tigers have broken loose.

MOTORIST: Which way did they go?

OLD MAN: Well, you don't suppose I'm chasing them, do you?—Sent by FRANCES TUZZINO, Buffalo, New York.

Crushing Retort

DRIVER OF COLLEGIATE CAR: Do you do repairing here?

GARAGE OWNER: Yeah, but we don't do manufacturing.—Sent by BETSEY GORE, Baltimore, Maryland.

Salesmanship

A prospective purchaser was looking over a piece of property which lay along the bank of a river. He remarked to the real estate agent, "Doesn't the river sometimes overflow this land?"

The agent retorted, "Well, this river is not one of those sickly streams that is always confined to its bed!"—Sent by BESS NORRIS, Omaha, Nebraska.

Psychological

INSURANCE MAN (putting questions to cowboy): Ever had any accidents?

COWBOY: Nope. A rattler bit me once, though.

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The Detective Club

(Continued from page 46)

again. The barking came from inside Silas's shack—a dog saying that he did not want to be shut in, and that he wanted his master.

We piled out of the car as soon as Dick stopped it. Betty did not bother about dignity; she ran to the shack, but its window was too high, so she pulled up a box, and the three girls of Tenth Street Yard climbed onto it and looked in at the window. A dog was there, and a big dog, too, but he was not Woof. He was a huge rough-haired mongrel, tied by a rope to the leg of a bed—not in the least like the stolen dog!

Well, I wish you could have seen Betty's face! She had been so sure that we would see Woof. She certainly was a crestfallen girl. I wanted to say something, but I could not think of anything particularly comforting to say, so we all got into the car again and Dick drove us home.

Now, I suppose every car makes its own special sort of noise. A good detective probably knows that, and almost every dog knows the noise made by its owner's car. Anyway, as we rolled into the Prince driveway, a dog barked in Arthur Dane's father's garage that stood close beside the Prince garage, and there was no mistaking that bark—it was Woof's bark.

Betty said nothing, but Art and Dick

laughed. Dick opened the door of the garage and there stood Woof, the chain still attached to his collar, wagging his tail with joy.

I think that Betty, just at first, was almost angry. The red suffused her face, anyway, but Dick calmed her down.

"Don't be sore, Betty," he said. "We played a trick on you, but you win anyway."

"I win?" Betty asked.

"You do," Dick said. "To trick you was hardly fair play. Art and I got Officer Murphy to take part in it, just for a joke. Mother knew, too. But every deduction you made was correct, and just as true of me as it was of Silas. Woof does know me, I did cut the chain, Woof did follow me without being dragged. And—"

"And, after all," I said, "Betty did discover where Woof was without your telling her, didn't she?"

"Yes," said Dick. And then, after a moment's pause, he said, "Yes, Inspector," and Mrs. Prince came to the door with a plate of freshly cooked doughnuts. When he saw the doughnuts, Dick said, just like a real Scotland Yard mystery story, "I think, Superintendent, we could all do with a bite to eat."

He was right, and we did have a bite to eat. Just like real detectives.

"Winging With the Bluebirds"

(Continued from page 7)

anatomies he could reach. Since most of the circus men wore high leather boots, his ferocious efforts never hurt them, and they would brush him off as if he were a fly.

"It's not fair that God put me in a world where everybody else is big," he used to say sometimes.

But it was only in his bitter moods that he talked that way. On sunnier days, he would confide that it was a relief not to be expected to accomplish anything.

"I am my own excuse for being," he would say with his little one-sided smile. He liked O. Henry's fantastic endings, and somebody gave him a miniature set of the author's works which he read whenever he had time.

I am often asked if circus performers get stage fright. I think not. The minute they "show the feather," they are pretty well done for, so far as the circus is concerned. Keeping their nerve is an actual matter of life and death. I remember a Detroit couple, bride and groom, who joined out as ticket takers. The young woman was interested in the animals, and finally got permission to learn to work the pumas.

Before she had a chance to try it, the regular trainer for the pumas got sick. The woman, without any experience whatever, walked right into the arena with the pumas that night, and came out safe and sound after a successful performance. Nobody seemed to think much about it. She looked a little white after it was over, but went back the next night and soon got to be a good performer. Of course, accidents happen. As long as I live, I'll never forget the night that Martha turned her back for one second on a pair of leopards she had

trained from cubhood. In that unguarded second, the beasts sprang at her throat and tore it. She managed to put her hands before her face so that she saved her eyes, and the animal men got her out of the arena very quickly. She was weeks in the hospital, but as soon as she got well, she went back to the arena. Moreover, she was not afraid the same thing would happen again.

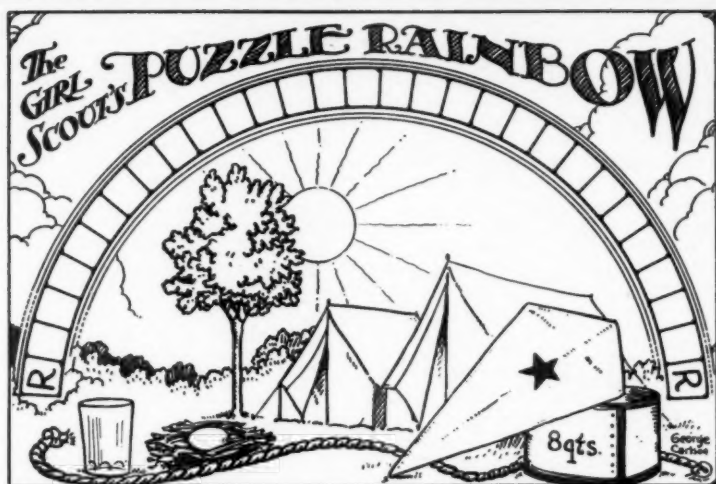
"I know it won't," she assured me confidently, "because I am going to watch out this time. I should have been more careful. Wild animals are wild animals, and you can't make them tame. They don't know what affection is and never can."

That's the philosophy of the circus man or woman. You take your chance, and believe that it's some slip of your own that does you in. Everybody works hard, too. The circus is no place for drones. If a husband and wife travel with the show, both have to do something. It's a busy community, with everybody allotted his share. There is a good deal of brusqueness, but the warm heart is always underneath.

Contrary to what many people say, keepers and tamers are good to their animals. I know women who have brought up baby leopards and lions and tigers by hand, letting them sleep in swinging cribs by the side of their own beds, and feeding them from nursing bottles filled with goat's milk.

Mine was a good job and I liked it. It was fine training, too. The motto of the circus is "The circus must go on," and that meant even with a sick headache or a sprained ankle, you made your towns and got your stories into the papers. I liked everything, but the actual "taking wing" in spring was especially good fun. When the show reassembles (Continued on page 50)

OUR PUZZLE PACK



The Puzzle Rainbow

A radiant rainbow spreads its arch over the objects which form the subjects of this puzzle. The scene may be in almost any Girl Scout camp (which is usually very orderly) but for the queer collection of things shown, which are very important to this puzzle.

There are ten items pictured under the rainbow and if we were to correctly write down all their names we would have a total of forty letters. Now in the rainbow there are twenty-nine spaces and it is possible, by listing the names in proper order, to do it with twenty-nine letters instead of forty. This can be done by "overlapping," as though you would write DUCKEGGS instead of DUCK-KEG-EGGS.

See if you can fill the twenty-nine spaces in this manner with the names of these ten objects, beginning and ending with the letter R.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A small island.
2. An owned person.
3. Afterwards.
4. Makes equal.
5. Concise.

By PHYLLIS TRIMBERGER, Milwaukee, Wis.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters spell the name of a well-known city.

1. Hair
2. Eight
3. Slander
4. Hop
5. Gate
6. Host
7. Range

By CONSTANCE RUTHERFORD, Leavenworth, Kan.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change RAIN to MIST in six moves.

Charade

- My first is in cake, but never in pie.
 My second in truth, is never in lie.
 My third comes in winter, but not in spring.
 My fourth is in burn, but never in sting.
 My fifth is in orange, but not in peach.

My sixth is in yearning, but never in reach.

My whole is a welcome fruit of spring,
 That smiles to many a face does bring.
 By CATHERINE M. GREGG, Hamilton, Va.

An Enigma

I am a well-known saying for this time of the year and contain twenty-seven letters.
 My 27, 15, and 3 is the title of a gentleman.

My 17, 11, 4, and 16 is a silent laugh.
 My 2, 10, 19, 26, 5, and 12 are precious gems.

My 6, 7, 23, and 9 is an exhibit.
 My 24, 8, 22, and 21 is an animal.
 My 13, 25, 1, and 18 is a piece of timber.
 My 14 and 20 is abbreviation of railway.
 By KATHRYN WILLETT, Redlands, Calif.

Concealed Animals

The name of an animal is concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. The long, hot term was longer than she expected.
2. The wind howled dismally around the wild, eerie crag.
3. "I abhor secrets!" she said sharply to her friend.
4. He had the brakes of his auto adjusted that morning.
5. The kind, old rabbi told him to come back later.

By MARIAN HALSEY, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

THE BLANKET PUZZLE: The number of triangles in each space indicates a letter of the alphabet. Thus, one is for A, two for B, and so on. The symbols on the blanket translated, read: THE AMERICAN GIRL.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | C | A | R | E |
| C | O | R | A | L |
| A | R | A | B | S |
| R | A | B | B | I |
| E | L | S | I | E |

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell STAMPS. WORD JUMPING: Beat, best, pest, past, part, hurt.

AN ENIGMA: "The breaking waves dashed high."

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: He must be dead.

CONCEALED PROFICIENCY BADGES: 1. Hostess

2. Motorist 3. Observer 4. Sailor 5. Archer 6. Neighbor.

ANAGRAM STATES: 1. Pennsylvania 2. Rhode Island 3. Oklahoma 4. Wisconsin 5. Louisiana.

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and 15 other beauties from Togo, Gabon, and other interesting countries, free to applicants for approvals beginning at 1/4 cent. **DOMINION STAMP CO. Dept. A, Clarendon, Va.**

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Lithuania Map Triangle!

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3 U. S. Air Mail, 1 Byrd, 10 U. S. Commemorative Stamps, 100 Foreign, Packet Hinges. All 15 cents—To Approval Applicants. Illustrated Album holding 4000 Stamps 25 cents. **J. R. Nichols, 274 Randall Ave., Freeport, N. Y.**

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FAMOUS LEADERS



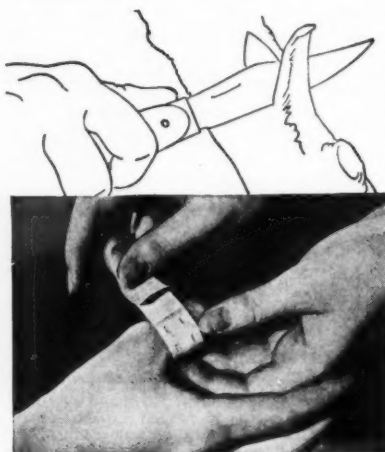
TO the foresight of Queen Isabella of Spain, we owe the discovery of America. When all others had rejected Columbus' scheme, Isabella said, "I am ready to pawn my own jewels to defray his expenses." ★ Thru her influence King Ferdinand agreed to aid Columbus.



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Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, New Jersey

"Winging With the Bluebirds"

(Continued from page 48)

for the opening performance, the dressing tents hum with eager talk and greetings; and to add to the glow of good feeling, the first meal is always better than usual—roast beef, perhaps, which by tomorrow will become stew.

About half the circus people stay in winter quarters to get ready for next year's bigger and better show by refurbishing old wardrobes and making new ones; taking care of the animals and teaching them new tricks; repairing and adding to equipment. The other half out in the world—aerial artists and so on—have been equally busy

keeping themselves in training, learning new stunts, and often trying them out in vaudeville houses all over the country.

Grand entry that opening day is always a thrill, too—for it is a point of pride with the gov'nor to think up a brand-new pageant each year and present it with details of costume and equipment carefully worked out. One time I remember it was the conquest of Nyanza, an African war scene, very exciting. But then all of the circus seems exciting to me and always will, I suppose. I am one of the Big Top folks for life, and any spring at all I may take a notion to wing with the bluebirds again!

"Love Me, Love My Dog"

(Continued from page 19)

set off in the direction of the woods. She searched frantically, her sense of Coffee's possible complicity urging her on ahead of the others.

But when the chimes rang seven o'clock and the girls trooped back, tired and torn with brambles, no one had anything to report. People spoke in whispers and a tense anxiety held them. Silently they gathered for the delayed evening meal.

When they had finished, Miss Katharine entered. "It seems to us advisable," she said, "for you to hold your election assembly tonight as planned, and to carry on your affairs in a normal manner. I appreciate that we are all overwrought and anxious. But you can help most by going as quietly as possible about your usual affairs."

Diana left quickly, as if with a purpose. She remembered having seen the child's hat lying on a table in the reception room, and having secured it and tucked it under her arm, she hurried out to the kennel where Coffee was tied. He heard her step and greeted her with joyful waggings.

"Coffee," she whispered, "here's our chance. Can you help me?" He licked her hand. She released him and put the hat to his nose. "Go fetch," she commanded. "Fetch!" He sniffed, and then sat down and looked up at her questioningly.

Diana stood looking helplessly at him for a moment. Then she tied him again and went back to the dormitory for her flash light. Returning, she untied Coffee and hurried off to where she had seen him playing with the child at the edge of the wood. There she dropped down on her knees to search the soft ground. At last, with the aid of her flash, she found what she was looking for—the imprint of a tiny foot. She whistled Coffee to her, and placed

her finger beside it. He sniffed, and again she offered the child's hat. "Fetch, Coffee!" she commanded, and waited with wildly beating heart.

For a second the little dog hesitated, and then his nose went down, searching.

At eight o'clock, the girls of Foxcroft School filed into the assembly room. Uneasy glances of sympathy went constantly to the white face of Hilda. Dixie's eyes roved anxiously over the sea of faces. Nowhere could she find Diana. Where was the girl?

When at last the meeting had been opened and Hilda began to speak, the warm sympathy of her schoolmates went out to her. It was evident that she could count on a responsive audience.

"I urge you," Hilda cried, summing up, "to vote for the girl who won this afternoon; who surely deserves to win tonight, rather than the only member of Foxcroft who has disobeyed Miss Katharine's appeal and—is not even with us now."

At that second, the door of the auditorium was flung open—and a disheveled figure faced the speaker. It was Diana! And in her arms she held a sleeping child!

"Coffee found your sister, Hilda!"

That was all. But pandemonium broke loose. Hilda took her sister and ran from the room. Diana, with Coffee still at her heels, was rushed to the platform.

As they stood there, a tired and bedraggled pair, the cheering broke out, wave on wave. It seemed to rock the building, until at last Dixie raised her hand for silence. Even then the noise did not subside. The tumultuous audience would not let Dixie speak. Instead, the girls began to call loudly and insistently for the vote.

At that, Dixie leaned over and spoke. "You're elected, Di! Unless they make Coffee the next member of Student Council!"

All Yours For the Making

(Continued from page 31)

off. Sew underarm from bottom up, easing in fullness in last 4 inches at underarm. Work 2 rows of S. C. around neck. Attach 2 ball buttons with a one-inch chain.

When your blouse is completed, a light pressing will give your work a smooth, finished look and coax the garment into shape. But do let me warn you not to flatten or

stretch your work, either by using an iron that is too hot, or by pressing too vigorously. In pressing, pin the garment, wrong side out, on a pressing board in exactly the lines you wish it to retain. With a very damp cloth and a moderately hot iron press lightly, very lightly, allowing the steam to go through the garment. Lay it on a flat surface until thoroughly dry.

If you want a book (20c) on knitting and crocheting, with these and other styles, or to know where to buy these yarns, write Miss Coyle % THE AMERICAN GIRL.



How Does Your Garden Grow?

WITH her trowel, Jean smacked down the earth over her newly-planted sweet peas. "There," she said, "I call that a slick job. If they don't come up, it won't be our fault."

Joan regarded her friend dreamily. Before the eyes of her imagination, the sweet peas rose in orderly ranks, unfurling their butterfly flags of rose and lavender and white. Out of the brown soil of the garden borders, her fancy conjured up a brave array—proud purple of iris, figured flame of tiger lilies, sunshine hue of calendulas. "Won't it be gorgeous?" she sighed blissfully.

❶ "I adore planting," said Jean, pushing back her dark curls with the back of an earth-stained hand. "Have you read that lovely garden article in the May *AMERICAN GIRL*, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin? You know, he's the professor at Wells College who writes such fascinating poetry and essays, and books, too."

"Yes, I read the garden article,

and I loved it," answered Joan. "I wonder if Professor Coffin is descended from the Tristram Coffin who was one of the first settlers of Nantucket. You remember we heard a lot about the Coffins and Macys when Mother took us there last summer."

"Uh-huh. Likely he is." Jean scraped the earth from the heel of her shoe. Then she went on, "The stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* got me this month. Five instead of the usual four."

❷ "Simply great," agreed Joan. "Weren't you tickled with *The Stolen Mascot*, by Ellis Parker Butler? His 'Betty Bliss' stories are top-notch. Funny, but exciting, too."

"They sure are. And weren't you crazy about *A Blue Checked Apron With Strings*? I think it's the best story about Em and Kip yet. It's funny, as Lenora Mattingly Weber's Flying Crow stories always are—but there's something else in it, too. Something really sweet, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do. Maybe that's because it's a Mothers' Day story, and it sort of hits what we feel about our own mothers."

"That's it! That's what I'm trying to say!"

Joan crumbled a pellet of soft earth between her finger tips. "That sailing story, *Star Dust*, by Kenneth Payson Kempton, was grand, too. And I liked *On Dog Leg Creek* by Esther Greenacre Hall a lot."

"She wrote *College on Horseback*, too," said Jean, rising from the overturned box on which she had been sitting. She raised her slim arms and stretched luxuriously. "Ho-hum! The sun is really hot today. Let's go in and make some lemonade. I could do with a cold drink, couldn't you?"



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